THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ESTABLISHED 1821.

$2.00 a Year, in Advance.
5 Cents per Copy.

Vol. 74. Philadelphia, Saturday, February 9, 1895. No. 32

IN AN ALBUM.

I pray the prayer of Plato old:
God make thee beautiful within,
And let thine eye the good behold
In everything save sin.

May your days in joys be passed
With your friends to bless and cheer,
And each year exceed the last
In all that earth holds dear.

IN SILKEN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THEY carried the earl through a crowd of terrified servants to his room, and Lord Norman and the two Fletchers, pale and silent, stood beside him till the doctor arrived.

He was an old man, who had attended the Chesneys for years, the typical, steady-going, and by no means too acute country practioner; but he saw at a glance what had happened.

"It is a stroke, a paralytic stroke," he said gravely. "I have feared this for some time, and have ventured, so far as it was possible, to warn Lord Chesney. Has there been any unusual excitement, any trouble——"

Mr. Fletcher, standing at a respectful distance near the door, was silent, and Lord Norman replied—

"N—o. Not immediately before he was seized. He had been making his will—Mr. Fletcher and his son were present as witnesses—and that may have excited him." He paused a moment. "I am afraid that my sudden return may have upset him."

The doctor nodded as he bent over the drawn, distorted face of the old man.

"That is not improbable, my lord," he said.

"He was perfectly calm and natural during the signing of the will," Lord Norman went on in a low voice. He turned to Mr. Fletcher, "You saw no indication of mental disturbance, Mr. Fletcher?"

Fletcher shook his head.

"No," he said, almost inaudibly.

"Or you?" asked Lord Norman, glancing at Silas.

"No," said Silas; "It was after——" He paused.

Lord Norman inclined his head slightly.

"Ah, yes," he said, "I had forgotten for the moment. My uncle made a kind of formal recognition of me—at least that is what his words must have meant—and he seemed very earnest, if not excited. He fell ill immediately afterwards. That is so, Mr. Fletcher? I am so confused——"

"TELL LORD NORMAN THAT WE ARE NOT SLAVES," SAID MADGE.

Mr. Fletcher nodded.

"Yes," he said hoarsely; and he and Silas left the room.

"Is it very serious?" said Lord Norman anxiously.

The doctor shook his head gravely.

"It is a bad stroke," he replied. "At his lordship's age——"

"Do you mean that—that he is going to die?" There was a tremor in the young man's voice, which might well have been mistaken for the indication of tender, affectionate anxiety.

"I don't say that, Lord Norman. He may live for some time; but—but——"

"But what?" demanded Lord Norman, in a hushed tone.

"He may live, but I fear he will never recover the power of speech."

A faint flush passed swiftly over the young man's face.

"Oh, I trust, I trust——" he murmured.

The doctor shook his head.

"I cannot pronounce a positive opinion, but I fear he will never regain the use of his limbs, or be able to express himself intelligibly," he said gravely.

Lord Norman turned away from the bed, The housekeeper entered to carry out any instructions the doctor might give; the valet stood at the bed, and both of them were witnesses of the young lord's evident emotion, and spoke of it afterwards in the servants' hall.

"It is terrible, terrible!" Lord Norman murmured, as he returned to the bed again. "Oh! I cannot tell you how glad I am that the last words he addressed to me were those of affectionate regard."

As he spoke, the earl opened his eyes, and stared up at him, unconsciously for a moment; then a light came into them, and a strange look, which seemed like that of a man trying to express himself.

"What is it, sir?" murmured Lord Norman.

The distorted lips opened, but only a hard, unintelligible sound came from them.

The doctor shook his head.

"As I feared! As I feared!" he said, in a low voice.

The earl looked from one to the other with a dreadful appeal in his eyes, then gazed fiercely at Lord Norman.

"I think you had better withdraw, my lord," said the doctor. "I am afraid your presence excites him; he is evidently agitated."

Lord Norman sighed, as if reluctant to leave the earl, and as he went he said, distinctly enough to be heard by the valet and the housekeeper—

"It is needless for me to beg you to do all you can for him, doctor, or to tell you how precious his life is to us all."

"Perhaps you would like to get further advice—a well-known physician from London?" the doctor suggested. "Though I am fully justified in telling your lordship that no physician, however eminent, could render us any assistance."

"I have every reliance on your skill and judgment, doctor," said Lord Norman.

The old doctor, evidently gratified, bowed proudly, and Lord Norman left the room.

He passed in the hall, almost filled with servants, and standing half way up the stairs he addressed them in smothered tones.

"I regret to say that my uncle has had a paralytic stroke, and is seriously ill. It is, I am sure, quite unnecessary for me to ask you to keep the house quiet."

A murmur of "Yes, my lord," certainly answered him as they left the hall.

Lord Norman went into the smoking-room, and locking the door sank into a chair and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Phew!" he muttered. "That has been rather trying to one's nerves. And as the old man will never speak intelligently again! That's rough on him, but it makes things very easy for me."

He lit a cigar, his hand trembled.

"What did he mean by those words? What could the old fool mean except that he recognized me as his nephew, Lord Norman? And yet—and yet——" He got up and paced the room. "There was something in his tone, the look of his face, which seemed to mean just the contrary. He said he knew me, and named Fletcher if he, too, didn't know me and said it as if he were reproving me, and holding me up as an imposter. How could he know me? How could he——"

A knock at the door disturbed him. He went and opened it. It was Silas Fletcher.

Lord Norman's face darkened.

"Well?" he demanded curtly.

Silas Fletcher looked at him and then round the room; then his narrow eyes came back to Lord Norman's face, seen indistinctly in the shaded lamp-light.

"My father wished to know if he or I could do anything more to-night for your lordship?" he said.

Lord Norman, holding the door in his hand, shook his head.

"No, thanks. Stop. The will——"

"My father has that, my lord."

"Very good," said Lord Norman. "Tell him to take care of it—not that it matters——"

"No, my lord," said Silas Fletcher. "If—if the earl should die, you would take all the property without a will, being his nephew and heir."

Lord Norman nodded.

"Just so. Ask your father to come to me early to-morrow morning. Good-night."

He was closing the door, but opened it again a little.

"By the way, Mr. Fletcher, I think I owe you an apology for the way in which I treated you when we met."

Silas Fletcher eyed him sidewards.

"In the small garden, you remember?" said Lord Norman with a smile.

Silas Fletcher looked at him full face.

"When I knocked you down—the quarrel over the dog—you know. It is very good of you to have forgotten it."

Silas drew his thin lips into a smile.

"It's very good of you to remember it, my lord."

"Not at all. If I can be of any service to you at any time, I should be very glad. Good-night."

"I am extremely grateful, good night, my lord."

The door closed on him and he walked across the hall and down the steps, where his father was waiting for him. The old man's hatchet face was very haggard and drawn, and his claw-like hands fidgeted with the edge of his coat.

"Well," he said, in a rasping, quavering voice, "what did Lord Norman say?"

"Oh, that we couldn't do anything for him."

They walked in silence for some minutes, then Silas said—

"What did the earl mean by making a will in favor of his nephew, Lord Norman, when there was no necessity for it? If he had made no will the money would still have come to Lord Norman."

"I don't know," said old Fletcher, passing his hand over his brow; "I can't comprehend."

"And what did he mean by shouting out that he knew him and you knew him? Of course he knew him, didn't he? Had he any doubt of it before?"

"I don't know; I don't understand," said old Fletcher again.

Silas bit his nails, and rubbed his sharp chin thoughtfully.

"I suppose the old man will never recover?"

"The doctor said so," said Fletcher.

"I mean that he will never recover his speech?" I what he could?"

"Why?" demanded Fletcher huskily.

"Well," drawled Silas, screwing up his eyes till they were mere slits, "I should like to ask him what he meant just before he fell down; that's all."

The old man turned upon him suddenly, and, with unexpected energy, said in a hoarse, agitated whisper—

"Silas, what can it concern you? Do you mind your own business. There are things—mind your own business!"

"All right, father, keep your hair on," Silas remarked elegantly. "As you say, it's no business of mine."

But as he walked along, he scanned the troubled, haggard face beside him with a cunning scrutiny.

The next day famous Sir Charles Sunford came down from London; but he could do nothing, and only confirmed the opinion of their family doctor.

"Your uncle may be spared to you for some time, my lord," he said to Lord Norman, as he delicately folded the cheque for a hundred guineas and put it in his velvet pocket-book; "but I am afraid he will never recover the full use of his limbs, or speak intelligibly." And as he shook hands he, too, was impressed by the emotion which the young man's face expressed.

The news spread rapidly, as all bad news always does spread, and all his friends and neighbors came to call and inquire.

Lord Norman saw them, and they all were touched by the evident sincerity of his guilt.

"You see, I feel it very acutely, because—well, because we've been—been apart so long. I'm not going to say whose fault it was, where it lies, but—but it is very hard upon me that he should be stricken thus just when I might have cheered his declining years," he said to Lady Ferndale.

"You may do that now," she murmured. "He recognized you; it will comfort him to know that you are with him."

"Ah, I trust so, I trust so!" he answered.

Late in the afternoon Lady Delamoor and Sybil arrived.

The countess was pale to the lips, and for some minutes could not speak. Lord Norman held her hand and Sybil's—the latter with a gentle pressure.

"Do not grieve, dear Lady Delamoor," he murmured; "he is in no pain—Sir Charles assured me of that. Pray, pray do not grieve!"

"We feel for you so much, Lord Norman," murmured Sybil, sinking into a chair and clasping her hands.

"Your sympathy is very precious to me," he whispered, bending over her. "It made me to believe, to hope, that you will remember my loneliness—for, indeed, I shall be very lonely in this great house. I have no friends, you see. I am quite a stranger to you all."

"Oh, no, no!" she whispered, looking up at him with a tender expression in her blue eyes. "Not to us! Have you forgotten——?"

He let his hand slide down the arm of the chair till it touched her hand. "No, I have not forgotten. Sometimes I wish I could. But I was only a boy then—a stupid brute of a boy. But you remember that, dear Lady Sybil."

He would not allow them to go for some time, but begged them to remain as long as they could; and during the whole of their visit he hovered near Sybil, and on some pretext or other managed to touch her hand once or twice again before she left.

As they drove away she looked out of the window at the great house.

"It is to be hoped poor Lord Chesney will not linger long, mamma," she said.

Lady Delamoor looked up with a slight start. Some tears had fallen, and her eyes were still wet. "Are you quite heartless, Sybil?" she said, almost indignantly.

Lady Sybil turned her widely-opened eyes upon her.

"Heartless? No, mamma! But surely it would be better that he should not linger in pain, unable to move and speak. I should be heartless towards both of them if I wished that."

"You speak of both—you think only of one!" said Lady Delamoor with a touch of bitterness.

But Lady Sybil only shrugged her shoulders, and gazed dreamily at the house again.

Before many days had passed—we might say hours—it was realized that, though the old king was not yet dead, the young king had mounted to the throne, and that he intended to rule in royal fashion. On the third day he sent for Mr. Fletcher, and received him in the library, leaning back in the earl's favorite chair.

"Good morning, Mr. Fletcher," he said, decorously enough, but with the unmistakable tone of the master. "I have sent for you because I think that I should know something of the estate. I hope to be acquainted with all its details in time. Please sit down."

Mr. Fletcher took a chair and sat in silence, with downcast eyes, as if waiting.

"My poor uncle will not, I fear, be capable of doing any business, and I must, though very reluctantly, attempt to fill the place he has vacated. I should like to know——"

"I understand, my lord," said Mr. Fletcher. "I expected that you would send for me, and I am prepared. I can give you an account of the property, I might almost say."

He took some papers from a bag in his hand.

"Thank you," said Lord Norman with grave courtesy. "If you will leave the list with me, I will go over it. I am afraid that the earl has somewhat neglected——"

Mr. Fletcher reddened.

"I trust you will find that I have been a faithful steward, my lord," he said hastily.

"Of course! There is no question of that," Lord Norman replied promptly. "I have every confidence in you, Mr. Fletcher; and it's because of that confidence that I am going to speak quite candidly. I should like to make a few changes in this establishment."

"Yes, my lord; changes?"

"Y—es. The stables do not please me. I should like to have them rebuilt; and I have written to London for an architect."

Mr. Fletcher's lips formed the word "Already!"

"He will be down shortly. I shall commense at once. And, of course, when the stables are finished—before, indeed—I shall want a decent lot of horses. That is absolutely necessary. Now, I know what you are going to say—that all this means a heavy outlay, and increased expenditure. I know it. You would say, too, that this increased expenditure would, perhaps, annoy the earl, if he recovered consciousness."

"Yes," said Mr. Fletcher. "I was going to say so, my lord."

"Just so. But if I am going to spend in one direction, I must save in others. You must help me, Mr. Fletcher. What do you think we can cut down?"

The old man looked beyond the hand some face of the young one.

"There is no need——" he began.

"Oh, but we must!" broke in Lord Norman, "I have set my heart upon the new stable and the horses, but I am determined to make up for their cost by retrenchment of some kind. Let me see—ah, yes! those palm-houses and tropical conservatories, or whatever it is you call them. Now I think there is a tremendous waste of money there."

Mr. Fletcher stared at him.

"Close the palm houses!" he said huskily. "They have been the pride of the Chase; they are famous. People come from the other end of the world to see them."

Lord Norman smiled.

"I fail to see that that is any reason for our retaining them," he said drily. "Why should I—we—keep a free show for the whole world to stare at? I hate having strangers hunting round the place. We will close the houses, Mr. Fletcher, or, if we don't close them, we will manage them more economically. For instance, the old gentleman, Mr.—Mr.—what is his name? of whom I was speaking the other night—Mr. Gordon; we will get rid of him. You know my idea—a smart young fellow at half Mr. Gordon's salary. There are plenty of such young fellows to be found. Yes; give Mr. Gordon notice—short notice."

Mr. Fletcher, his wrinkled face twitching, looked at his master.

"Of course, he must have some compensation. Write him a check for, say, a hundred pounds, and break it to him gently; the check will help you."

There was a moment's silence, then Fletcher said—

"Very good, my lord. Is there anything else, your lordship."

Lord Norman yawned and stretched himself.

"No, I think not. You can leave those papers. I see you don't like the job I've set you," he added.

"No, my lord, I do not," said Fletcher.

Lord Norman took up the papers as a sign that the audience was over.

"Then you'd better get it over as soon as possible. Tell him to-day. The fact is I shall want his cottage for my stud groom. See? Good morning, Mr. Fletcher."

CHAPTER XX.

MR. FLETCHER walked sharply across the lawn to the small garden. Leaning on the gate was Silas, gazing at the cottage.

The father started. He had been walking with bent head, and had not seen Silas, his son, until he had come close upon him.

"Silas, I thought you were going to London to-day?" he said.

Silas colored and looked aside rather awkwardly.

"So I was," he said; "but I found by my letters that I could manage to stop for another day. Where are you going?"

The old man jerked his head towards the cottage.

"I'm going to give notice to old Gordon," he said grimly.

Silas started, and stared at his father.

"Notice? What for? When is he to go?"

"His lordship does not require his services; he is to go now—at once."

"The earl?"

"The earl will give no more orders," said Fletcher grimly. "It is Lord Norman."

Silas closed his thin lips and peered at his father's face.

"He's begun early," he said with a short laugh. "I should like to know why——"

Fletcher passed through the gate and entered his cottage, after a moment or two Silas followed him stealthily.

Madge came to the door.

"Is it you, Mr. Fletcher?" she said. "Please come in; grandfather is in the parlor."

Fletcher just raised his eyes and glanced at her.

"You are not looking well, Miss Madge," he said in his husky voice.

"I am quite well," she said. "How is the earl to-day?"

"The same as he was yesterday, and will be till the end comes," said Fletcher in exactly the same voice.

Mr. Gordon looked up as they entered the parlor, and blinked at Fletcher inquiringly. The table was littered with specimens and drawings of flowers—the latter drawn and painted by Madge's own hand. She had been engaged on a sketch when Fletcher knocked.

Fletcher stood with his long knuckles resting on the table and blurted out the news. It was not his way to break bad tidings gently.

"I'm come to give you notice, Mr. Gordon," he said impassively, and looking over the old man's head at a print on the wall.

Mr. Gordon did not take in the full significance of the curt sentence for a minute or so, during which the ticking of the clock was the only sound in the room; but Madge understood, and her face went white as she put her arm protectingly round her grandfather's neck.

"Give me——?" stammered Mr. Gordon.

Fletcher nodded.

"Yes," he said. "His lordship—I mean Lord Norman—is going to close the palm-houses."

"Close the palm-houses?"

"Yes; he is going to keep a stud of horses instead."

Mr. Gordon would have risen in his astonishment and dismay, but Madge gently kept him in his seat, and he sank back trembling.

"I—I don't understand!" he faltered. "It is so—so sudden."

"Yes, it's sudden enough," said Fletcher. "Trouble always comes suddenly. I'm afraid it will be rather inconvenient for you to turn out so soon, but it can't be helped, and his lordship hasn't forgotten to compensate you."

He sat down at the table, and, drawing out his check book, filled in a check.

"What—what is he doing, Madge?" asked Mr. Gordon, helplessly.

Madge shook her head.

"I'm carrying out my instructions," said Fletcher, blotting the check deliberately, and then holding it out. "I was told to give you a hundred pounds, and his lordship's orders that you will leave the cottage as soon as possible. It's wanted for the new stud groom."

Mr. Gordon grasped the arm of his chair, and uttered a faint cry of bewildered grief.

"Leave—leave the cottage?" he stammered.

"Yes," he said, impassively as before. "I'm sorry, though it's not my place to say so. I only carry out my orders. If the earl had kept his senses——. There's the check; better take it, and take care of it, Miss Madge."

Madge took it, and held it in her hand, but without looking at it, for a moment or two; then she tore it across and across, and slowly let the fragments fall from her hand, her grandfather's eyes watching them, as they fell, with dull apathy.

Fletcher started slightly, and bent his brows upon her.

"Tell—tell Lord Norman," said Madge, with a spot of red on either cheek, her lovely eyes glowing on the wrinkled face opposite her. "Tell Lord Norman that he can have the cottage to-morrow, that my grandfather bitterly regrets that he is obliged to pass another night under any roof belonging to Lord Lechmere. Tell him that we are not slaves, and that we would rather die than accept his money. Tell him——"

She stopped, breathless and panting, and sinking on her knees, put her arm round her grandfather, and hid her face on his shoulder. But she regained her composure almost in a moment, and kept back the threatened storm of tears.

"Don't grieve, dear," she murmured, consolingly, as if they were alone. "It is hard, I know. I know now that you don't realize it yet——"

His eyes wandered round the familiar room, then rested on her beautiful face, and he bent his head and kissed her.

Then the tears could no longer be kept back, and hiding her face against his, she wept quietly, though her whole frame shook with the suppressed sobs.

Fletcher looked from one to the other.

"I'm sorry," he said. "You're a foolish girl to tear up that cheque. A hundred pounds is a good sum; and I shouldn't think you'd get too much——"

Madge raised her head.

"Thank you for your sympathy, Mr. Fletcher," she said with quiet dignity as she battled with her tears. "Will you please give Lord Norman my—our—message?"

Fletcher took up his hat, stared at the opposite wall for a while abstractedly, then without a word went out. Almost immediately afterwards Silas entered; and entered so noiselessly that neither of the two persons cowering under this "thunderbolt from the clear blue," heard him until he spoke.

"Miss Gordon's done the right thing, Mr. Gordon," he said. "You ought to be proud of her!"

Madge started and looked round at him, and the old man stared at him dully.

"I beg your pardon for intruding at such a moment, Miss Madge," he went on in a low voice, and with downcast eyes, "though—though it's just at such times as these that a friend might be permitted to intrude."

"You know——?" said Madge almost inaudibly.

[CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.]

WEEP NOT.

BY W. W. L.

Weep not, dear love
Be brave and strong;
The future's day brings
Smile and song.

Weep not, dear love,
The end's not this;
Soon will we meet
With smile and kiss.

Willoughby's Groom.

BY A. L.

IT was a chill September morning, not very light yet, and a thin haze clung about the face of all things. Mr. Simpson Willoughby had just finished stabling his horse after returning from a card-party. The ride had not been long enough to act as a tonic, and he was still heavy with whisky and want of sleep, as he went stumbling along through the stack-yard.

Suddenly, with all the speed of a military projectile, a black figure shot down the slope of a small stack, and fetched up sharp just at his feet. The face, the clothes, the hands of this apparition were all black, and its smile, meant to be pleasant, showed like a ghastly grin through the mist.

'Oh, the deuce!" cried Simpson Willoughby, in a tipsy fright, and proceeded to bolt for the house.

"Hi, mister, hi!" shouted the putative deuce.

The sound of a human, unmistakably human, voice restored Willoughby to himself.

"What are you doing here?" he thundered, as he strode to the black shape. "Who are you? Why do you stand grining there? Don't you know I could have you up before the magistrates for this?"

"Not much good, sir. Nothing to get out of me, sir. I'm only a poor sweep as took the liberty of sleeping in your straw."

"Sweep be hanged! Clear off the premises at once."

Then Mr. Willoughby strode off again. But he had a tender heart, and something in the man's face and attitude had touched it.

"Hi, you sweep!" he suddenly shouted, turning round.

"Yes, sir," with a touch of the hand to the cap.

"Where are going to get your breakfast?"

"Don't know, sir."

"And probably don't know if you will get a breakfast at all?"

"No, sir."

"Come with me."

Mr. Willoughby led the way to the kitchen-door; his housekeeper was up and moving about.

"Here, Mrs. Clack, I've brought you a sweep; you said yesterday the chimneys wanted sweeping. Give him a good breakfast—beef and beer—then set him to work."

"Thank ye, sir," said the sweep; then, to Mrs. Clack, with a very humble intonation: "Fine morning, missus."

Mr. Willoughby went to his bedroom, kicked off his boots, and drawing a rug over his limbs, lay down on this and slept. He was a tall, broad man, with a dark face still retaining some traces of early good looks. His youth he had spent in London, none exactly knew how; some said as an artist, others said as a novelist; all agreed he had consumed his substance in riotous living. When his father died, and he came to settle at Holt Hill, he came with a bad reputation. As he was forty, and did not marry, the bad reputation rapidly grew worse. He had some faults, it is true; he played cards freely, drank heavily, and then he had a mysterious past. The clergy and all respectable married people held aloof from him; the young ladies admired him and trembled; the young men said he was much maligned.

When he woke, the sun was high in the heavens. He rose at once, had a cold tub, and then a good breakfast. "Now for the sweep," said he. He found him at work in the dinning-room.

"Well, Mr. Sweep, how are you getting on?"

'Tom Sampler's my name, sir. Getting on very nicely, thank ye, sir."

"Are those all the tools you have?"—pointing a contemptuous look at a brush and a few rods lying about.

"Yes, sir."

"But they won't go to the top, surely?"

"Yes, sir, they will."

"How?"

"I shall go up the chimney after them."

"But you might stick."

"No fair, sir, in a good, old-fashioned chimney like this. Besides, if I did, what matter, sir? It's all in a day's work."

Mr. Willoughby turned away. The soft spot in his heart was touched again.

He went out and strolled round the place, in the garden, the foid-yard, the stables. Then it occurred to him that he wanted a groom, a groom who would not object to do a little work in the garden, to sit up for him at nights, to act occasionally as a valet, and in other capacities. He returned to the sweep, and found him in one of the bedrooms hard at work, and singing softly to himself.

"Here, Mr. Sweep."

"Tom Sampler, sir."

"Well, then, Tom Sampler! Would you like to settle down?"

"How, sir?"

"Take a situation, I mean."

"As what?"

"As my groom and man-of-all-work. Do you know anything about horses?"

"Yes, sir; I was bred for a jockey."

"Good."

"But I had to give it up, sir. Couldn't train down quickly enough. A very bad job for me, sir."

"Very; but stick to the point. Do you feel inclined to settle down here in my service?"

"If you'll have me, sir."

"I suppose you can't bring any testimonials to character?"

"Afraid not, sir. Don't know any respectable people. I'm only a traveling sweep, here to-day, gone to-morrow. Take me a month on trial, sir."

"Very good; a month's trial. Consider yourself engaged, fifteen shillings a week, with keep. Will that do?"

"Yes, sir, thank ye."

"And now go on with the chimneys, only no more climbing, mind you. I'll go and arrange with Mrs. Clack."

And so Tom Sampler settled down. He had been a jockey, and then a vagrant sweep; his antecedents were not reassuring; but clean clothes, regular diet, and regular employment reformed him, and perhaps the feeling that he was trusted helped him more than anything. Willoughby took a strong fancy to him, and let him into his confidence in a small way. Tom adored his master. When Willoughby went out shooting, Tom carried the game; when he went out to card-parties, Tom drove him there and back; when Tom was running the machine over the grass, Willoughby would sit near on a garden-seat and chat. At night, when Tom knocked at the door of the smoking-room, and entered to report his day's work and receive instructions for the morrow, Willoughby would sometimes ask him to sit down. If the weather was, he would pour him out a glass of whisky, but he could never persuade him to take a second.

"Come, Tom, you might as well have another—it's a sharp night."

"No, thank ye, sir."

"Why not? You must have drunk heavily in your time—eh?"

"I have, sir, but never again."

"How's that?"

"Bad example, sir, to others."

In this way the worthy fellow strove to lead his master in the right direction, not without some result.

"You have been here a year now, Tom," said Willoughby one day. "Haven't you found out a pretty girl to marry yet?"

"No, sir. I don't intend marrying at present."

"Not at present—eh? When then?"

"When you do, sir."

Willoughby laughed aloud; but from that day he understood Tom perfectly.

"He wishes to reform me," he would sometimes say to himself; "and perhaps he may. Who knows?"

"I shall want the brown mare up to-morrow," said Willoughby to Tom one night in the smoking-room; "I'm going to Mr. Ferguson's. We'll have the dog-cart, and you shall drive me, as my ankle is still weak." He had sprained it about a month before.

"None of them carding-parties, I hope, sir," said Tom.

"Shut the door and sit down."

Tom obeyed.

"Look here, Tom, you forget yourself. What is it to you whether I play cards or not?"

"I'm sorry to offend, sir. You've been very kind to me, but I can't help speaking out, and I don't like to see you wasting your money. You know, sir, you have told me as how you lose sometimes."

"But I win sometimes."

Tom looked at the floor and said nothing. There was a long pause. Willoughby puffed hard at his pipe; suddenly he broke out with:

"Do you know what mortgages are, Tom?"

"Yes, sir; we call 'em monkeys."

"Well, Tom, there are a good many monkeys on my farm, and the owners of the monkeys—that is, the mortgagees—will want their interest in a month's time. If they don't get it they will sell me up. I have not the money. Now, do you understand why I am going to play cards to-morrow?"

Tom looked at his master sympathetically, but did not speak.

"It's not all my fault," he went on. "I had the money in the bank at the beginning of the year; but a relative borrowed £500 to set up in business, and—and—— But you understand?"

"You mean you won't see the color of that money again, sir?"

"Exactly so."

"I'm right down sorry to hear it, sir. But is there no way except this card-playing? Couldn't you put off them monkeygees for a year? Couldn't you tell 'em you were going to work hard, and save, and pull things round? Knock off my wage, sir; I don't want it. And put me on to some harder work; I could do as much again as I do."

Tom rose to his feet somewhat excitedly, pulling his waistcoat down and stiffening his back, as though to show off his physical capacity for additional toils.

"Rubbish, Tom! Sit down. Kindly meant, but rubbish. I shall play to-morrow night; if I lose, I shall stop before much damage is done, if I win, I shall follow my luck. There, my friend, let that quiet your fears. Good night."

"Good night, sir. But promise me one thing: if you are lucky, you'll never play for money again."

"I promise."

"Then may you be lucky, sir, for this once. Good night, sir." And Tom disappeared.

"The beginning of the reform," thought Willoughby. "I wonder if he'll make me sign the pledge next."

It was late in the afternoon when Tom drove the dog-cart up to the front door.

"Put a little corn in," shouted Willoughby from his bedroom window, "and a basket. I shall want you to fetch Lightning up for me in the Bent Garth."

Lightning was a horse with a good deal of blood in him, very dear to Willoughby, and often entered for steeple-chases at the minor race-meetings.

In a few minutes they drove away. Arrived at the Bent Garth, Tom got down with his basket of corn, and Willoughby sat waiting in the trap on the high road.

The Bent Garth was, as its name implied, a bent field, shaped like the letter L. The horse was not to be seen; it was no doubt round the bend. Thither Tom marched through the grass; he had hardly got round the corner, and out of his master's sight, when he came on two men lying on the ground—two men, one a big hulking fellow with a dark unshaven face, the other a nondescript of middle height and no particular color. Tom recognized them both—old acquaintances of his vagrant days, and a brace of thorough-going rascals.

"Hullo!" cried Tom.

"Bless me," said the big fellow, "if it ain't old Sweepy, and looking quite respectable too! Got a good job on, old pal?"

"Yes; I've turned groom."

"Lor' now, to think of that! Old Sweepy turned groom! And looks quite reformed, don't he? Well, it is pleasant meeting old friends when they're getting up in the world. And where are you hanging out now?"

"At that house this side of the village."

"Mr. Willoughby's! I know him; fond of his glass, and don't mind tipping a poor feller a shilling when he's on a bit. He's a gentleman, he is! What are you going to do now with that basket?"

"Fetch up that horse for Willoughby to look at."

"Ta-ta, then, for the present. We shall be at the village inn to-night. Perhaps you'll drop in and stand us a glass for old times, Sweepy, won't yer?"

"No, I can't. I'm just off with Mr. Willoughby, and shan't be home till late."

"Going out for the hevening, I suppose? Got yer dress-suit in the conweayance, and too proud to look at old mates?"

"Shut up your foolery. We are going to Mr. Ferguson's; I'm only driving."

"Mr. Ferguson's? I've heard tell of him. A great card-playing gent. You'll have the cards out to-night, I reckon."

"Likely enough."

"And what time will you be coming 'ome, if I may ask the question?"

A cold shiver ran down Tom's back as he discerned the blackguard's thought.

"Not till daylight, I should think. Good-bye."

"Good bye!" cried the two rascals, imitating Tom's voice, and then rolling on the grass with loud guffaws.

"Did I hear voices?" said Mr. Willoughby, when Tom had brought Lightning up to the gate.

"Yes, sir; a couple of tramps chaffing me a bit."

Willoughby did not pursue the subject. He was much more interested in Lightning, and spent a full quarter of an hour in examining and admiring him.

They drove on to Mr. Ferguson's; here master and man separated, one going to the dining-room, the other to the saddle-room. There were other grooms there beside Tom, and they made merry together; supper was provided for them in the kitchen, and unlimited beer. Tom was in great request; his stories, his songs, and his straightforward ways had long rendered him a favorite. Retiring once more to the saddle-room, the men talked and smoked. Then one by one they succumbed to sleep. At last Tom was left the only one awake; he was thinking of his master. What did this long stay mean? Was he winning, or had he yielded to the seduction of the game and lingered on though losing? In the middle of his speculations he fell into a doze.

"Hullo, Sampler, Mr. Willoughby wants his trap. It's two o'clock; they're all going."

Tom got his horse in and drove round to the front. There was his master talking excitedly among the other guests; they helped him up into the dog-cart, and then with many good-nights sped him on his way. When they had got out of the avenue and on the high road, Willoughby turned to Tom.

"I've done it," he said; "I've won the money, £450, here it is in my pocket, most of it in notes. No more cards, Tom, I swear."

He reached out his hand to Tom, and their fingers closed in a grip that meant more than many words. The moonlight, escaping from a cloud, fell full on Tom's face; it was radiant with happiness.

"Lord, how much he must love me!" thought Willoughby.

"Do you carry a pistol, master?" said Tom.

"No. Why?"

"I don't think it's safe without one, when you have all that money, sir."

"Bosh!"—and he breathed in great draughts of the fresh night air.

They were now nearing a gate. Tom gave up the reins to his master, and got down to open it; he was no sooner on the ground than he saw two figures behind the hedge. He knew them at once—the men he had met in the Bent Garth. With a swift rush he made for the gate and flung it open.

"Come on, sir! Quick!" he cried.

And then as the cart came up to him he gave a loud yell, and struck the terrified mare on her haunches. She bounded forward, swerved, and then bolted down the road.

"Drive for your life, sir," shouted Tom, "drive!"

One of the ruffians approached Tom.

"Curse you," he roared, "for a blasted sneak, a hound, a cur. Take that, and that."

Tom gave one groan and fell to the ground. The big ruffian bent down to rifle his pockets.

"There ain't no time for that," said his nondescript companion; "let's be off while we can."

And so they scrambled through the hedge and went away over the fields.

Willoughby had a stiff tussle with the mare. At length he turned her round and was soon at the gate again. He perceived the body lying in the road, passed his hand over his breast and felt the wet blood; he knelt on the road, and raised Tom's head against his knees. He was struggling to speak.

"Master," he said faintly, "have you got the notes?"

"Yes."

"Then the farm is safe—remember the promise—master," and he died.

Willoughby bent down and reverently pressed a kiss on the dead man's forehead; then he saw in the east, far away in the direction of his home, the light of the new day.

Bric-a-Brac.

SUPERSTITION.—If you are superstitious there are many things you must not do. In North Germany you must not spin during the twelve nights of Christmas, lest you should walk after your death; nor after sunset on Saturday, for then mice will eat your work.

THE GOAT.—Some years ago a tame long-haired goat formed part of the regular crew of a passenger steamer on service between an English port and a Continental one. After a time the customs authorities discovered that it wore a false coat, many sizes too large for it. The goat's own hair was clipped very close; round its body were packed cigars, lace, etc., and then the false coat was skilfully put on, and fastened by hooks and eyes.

ALL FOURS.—A well-known horseman has discovered a fact in natural history which may not be generally known. It is that all four-footed beasts, in making the first movement in walking, running, or any sort of forward motion, always employ the left hind leg as a starter. Even a child, if put down on all fours and bidden to advance in that position, will make the first move with his left leg, his hands at the time occupying the place of an animal's forelegs.

ANIMAL MIMICRY.—Not only do certain animals adopt the color of things about them, but they are said to change their habits and the requirements of their nervous system. Thus a certain butterfly imitates the appearance of a dead leaf on a twig, even to the extent of a transparent spot on its wings, to represent the hole nibbled by insects. A certain spider, a class of careful workers, spins a slovenly web, so that its own body may have a proper surrounding for imitating particles blown by the wind. Certain fishes stand upright in the water to represent bulrushes.

ONE SERMON.—It is said that the Pope of Rome is the only priest in Christendom who never preaches a sermon. Only once during three hundred years has this rule, if rule it be, been departed from. This was in 1847, when Pius the Ninth was Pope. Father Ventura, a famous orator, was to have preached at a church in Rome. A great crowd assembled to hear him, but at the appointed hour there was no priest. Presently the Pope arrived; probably he, too, had come to listen to Ventura. Taking in the situation at a glance, Pio Nono was equal to the occasion, for he preached the sermon from the text that the other had selected.

SAMARITANS AMONG THE BIRDS.—Once upon a time a pair of robins built their nest on a fence, and a pair of catbirds (thrushes that are so called because their cry is like the mewing of a cat) in a bush close by. Baby birds appeared in each nest about the same time, and all went well for a few days, when one morning the parent catbirds were both missing, probably slain. Their young would have starved but for the robins. Whenever the robins lit on the rail with a worm or other food, the catbirds set up a hungry squeak, and so the kind birds of the red-breast determined to feed the stranger fledgelings as well as their own. Both families were successfully reared, the catbirds being so strong and lively that they looked as if they had been brought up by their own parents.

NOTICE everything that is done by others to contribute to your benefit or happiness. Nothing seems more ungracious than the passing over without remark, and apparently without thought, the thousand and one little efforts and attentions which are intended to sweeten domestic life.

[CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.]

"Yes," he said apologetically. "I happened to be passing and—and—and I was too taken aback by what I heard to go, till it was too late. And if you'd forgive me for saying so, I'm glad I did stay."

Madge rose and smoothed her hair, her bosom still heaving, her eyes wet with tears, reminding Mr. Silas, as he glanced at her covertly, of a beautiful picture he once had seen in one of the London shops.

"I always thought that Lord Norman was a beast——" He stopped and changed his tone as Madge started; for his words had recalled the boyish quarrel. "But I won't abuse my father's employer, though if I had my way he wouldn't be his employer long. What I came in for, Mr. Gordon, was to say that—that I wish you'd let me help you——"

The blood rose to Madge's pale face, and her eyes turned upon Silas's with a proud refusal in them.

"No, no! I don't mean in that way, Miss Madge. I wouldn't presume to—to offer—money—— What I meant was that, as you've got to go——"

Madge's lips quivered.

"—And at once, perhaps you'd let me try and help you, Mr. Gordon, as any other friend might do. You see," he went on cheerfully, and in a kind of matter-of-fact way, "Mr. Gordon's been living here, in this out of the way place, so long"—Madge sighed and her grandfather moaned and hung his head—"that he's lost his business ways, if he ever had any. Now," with a smile and a perky jerk of his head, "I'm a business man, and when there's a difficulty I can see my way through it—or I'd know the reason why."

"You are very good," said Madge in a low voice, "but you cannot help us."

"Oh, but, I think I'm sure I can if you'll let me," he said. "I don't suppose you have many friends?" he added, half interrogatively.

"No," she said, "we haven't any friends, excepting those in the village, and—and those we must leave."

"Well," he said, humbly, "you've one friend, at any rate, Miss Madge. Now look here, Mr. Gordon——"

The old gentleman started; he had not grasped a single word, the blow had crushed all the intelligence out of him, and he still sat unconsciously turning over a specimen. "Well, I won't trouble you," said Silas. "Miss Madge and I will talk it over." He signed to Madge to follow him into the hall, and Madge almost mechanically did so.

"It's just this, you see," said Silas, in a low voice—though he might as well have spoken aloud; "the question is: What's the best thing to do! That's what we always ask ourselves in the City when we're in a tight place."

"We must leave here at once. Grandfather must find another situation," she said, sadly.

"Well, perhaps so, though I'm not so sure about another situation," said Silas, thoughtfully. "Your grandfather's getting old——"

Madge winced, and lifted her beautiful eyes to him piteously.

"I mean old for that kind of thing. Now, I'll tell you my plan—for I've got a plan, Madge. We always have in the City, you know. Why shouldn't you take him to London?"

"To London?" Madge almost started. Silas watched her with suppressed eagerness.

"Yes," he said, "to London."

"There are no gardens there, are there?" she said, anxiously.

"Well, there are plenty of them, for that matter," he said. "But I wasn't thinking of the gardens. Isn't your grandfather writing a book, a work on botany?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" said Madge. "I had forgotten."

"There you are, you see!" he said triumphantly. "That's where a clear head comes in. I hadn't forgotten it. Well, that book, when it's finished, will be worth money. It's as likely as not that he'll make more money out of it than he made out of the kind of berth he has had here."

"And—and he is so fond of writing," murmured Madge.

"Just so," said Fletcher. "It's far more suitable work for him. Now, what I propose is, that you should go into lodgings in London." He paused a second or so. "I know just the sort of rooms you want. They're near the British Museum."

"The British Museum?"

"Yes, where the library is, and where Mr. Gordon could go and study, and all that. He'll soon finish his book up there, and sell it for a lot of money."

Madge, with her wonderful eyes fixed dreamily and hopefully—far, far beyond Silas Fletcher's face—sighed softly. "And I could help him," she murmured more to herself than to him. "I could make the drawings."

"Of course you could," said Silas, "and make a great deal of money in other ways. Ah, London's the place for clever people, Miss Madge." He had almost added, "Look at me," but stopped himself in time. "Well, what do you think of it? Isn't it a fine plan?"

Madge looked round and sighed.

"To leave it all!" she murmured, too softly for Mr. Silas to hear her.

"I suppose," he said, looking at the ground, "that you'd like to leave at once."

"At once; oh, yes, at once!" she said.

"I daresay Lord Norman would let you remain a week or two if you asked him," he suggested, glancing at her sideways.

Madge's hands clenched at her side.

"I would not ask him if—if—my life depended on it. Mr. Fletcher"—her breath came and went spasmodically—"please do not mention Lord Norman's name to me again."

"I won't, I won't, Miss Madge," he responded. "I can quite understand. Why shouldn't you go to-morrow? I suppose there's nothing to prevent you. The furniture could be sent afterwards."

"I—I think it is the earl's," said Madge wearily. "I don't know. I'm afraid my grandfather hardly knows."

"Let the furniture go," said Silas, with a wave of his big white hand. "Let it go. Look here, Miss Madge. You get your things together and go up to London to-morrow. I'll telegraph to the landlady of the rooms I spoke of, and we'll have everything ready for you by the time you arrive. I'm going up to London to-morrow. I may just as well go by the same train, and keep you—your grandfather—company."

Madge leant against the wall, her hands clasped tightly, her eyes fixed on the familiar, the beloved, view framed by the doorway.

To-morrow she would look at it for the last time!"

She fought the tears hard; but the beautiful eyes were moist as she turned them to Silas Fletcher.

"You are very good to think of all this—of everything," she murmured.

"Not a bit of it," said Silas. "It's just what anyone would do. And—and"—he shuffled his big feet in their patent boots awkwardly—"if—if you—if Mr. Gordon—should be in want of any money; I know that it does happen so sometimes——"

The red flamed again in Madge's face.

"Oh, no—no!" she murmured, "there is some money—it is not much—but it is enough for the present, and you say—you are sure that my grandfather's book—that I can earn——"

"Quite sure!" he exclaimed. "Don't you have any fear or doubt on that score. I won't keep you any longer; you must have a bit to do, packing and all that. I'll meet you at the station at 10.15 to-morrow. Keep up your spirits, Miss Madge. It will all come right!"

He held out his hand—the big white hand, which matched so badly with his thin figure—and it closed upon the one Madge gave him with an unpleasant pressure.

But Madge did not notice it; all her thoughts were of her grandfather. When she returned to the parlor she found him sitting in much the same attitude in which she had left him, and when she outlined Silas Fletcher's plans, he neither expressed consent nor dissent, but apathetically nodded, as if their future had passed beyond his control.

The remainder of the day, and far into the night, Madge spent partly in packing, and for the rest in sorrowful reverie.

Her boy-lover had not only ceased to love her, but was eager to turn her and her grandfather adrift on the world!

After a fitful sleep of a few hours, during which she dreamed of Lord Norman as he sat beside her years ago on the garden seat, she rose, and completed her preparations for flight.

Her grandfather came down to breakfast with the absent, preoccupied expression on his face which was habitual to him, and it was not until she had recounted to him the scene with Mr. Fletcher that he realized that they were leaving the cottage for ever; and even then he only sighed and looked round the little room with a sad wistfulness.

At half-past nine a fly came to the door—Silas had remembered to order it, though she had not.

Before entering it Madge looked round the small garden. Instinctively her eyes sought the old rustic seat, and she shuddered. A little the worse for time, that bench remained the same; but how changed was Lord Norman since he had sat on it beside her!

She could not trust herself to bid goodbye to the village folk, and hid her face in her hands as they drove past the cottages in which she had so often been the ministering angel when pain and sorrow were present.

As for her grandfather, he seemed to have lost all consciousness of their position, and appeared to be unable to realize that he was bidding farewell to his beloved gardens and hot-houses.

At the station Silas awaited them. He got their tickets—for which Madge paid—and put them in a third-class carriage, with all the experience of a frequent traveler; and during the whole of the journey—a long and wearisome journey for Madge—he was unobtrusively, but constantly attentive.

They reached London at nightfall, and the four-wheeled cab conveyed them to their lodgings. As Silas had said, they were in Bloomsbury, and near the British Museum.

The landlady, a motherly kind of woman, received them, and did her best—it was not her first experience of "country folk," as she called them—to make them comfortable. She had prepared a kind of

"high tea" for them, and assured Madge—Madge, confused and bewildered by the noise of the London streets—that the beds were well aired, and that "everything was as clean as clean could be."

Silas superintended the carrying up of the boxes from the cab, but declined Madge's invitation to tea.

"You'll like to be quiet, and by yourselves," he said with a knowing smile. "But perhaps you'll let me look in to-morrow and see how you are getting on," he added, as he held out his hand.

Madge took it with something like a pang of self-reproach. She had loved—in girlish fashion—Lord Norman, and he had turned her grandfather and herself out of house and home. She had disliked and mistrusted Silas Fletcher and he had proved their only friend!

"I am trying to find some words in which to thank you, Mr. Fletcher," she said, with a smile on her tremulous lips.

"Oh, I've done nothing—no more than any friend would do!" he said, with a laugh. "Good night."

But as he walked down Hart street, Bloomsbury, a smile of satisfaction and triumph curved his thin lips.

"I've managed this pretty well, I think," he murmured. "If I don't make a very great mistake you are caught and caged, my proud beauty!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JAPANESE WOMEN.—Let no one suppose that a Japanese woman's life is an ideal one. The mousmees have a good deal of it in the short time before they are married, as do the singing women who cater for pleasure parties; but the married life of the Japanese woman, who marries very young, is mostly very stern reality. Her motherly responsibilities begin when she is about four with the next baby being slung on her back in the haori, a kind of shawl. If she is going in for public life as a singing or dancing girl, she commences her profession somewhere between the ages of seven and ten, with having very fine clothes and the loss of her eyebrows, which are henceforth replaced with artificial half-moons. At this time her face is made as white as a miller's and her lips colored. She marries impossibly early, and then, if not before, the full seriousness of life dawns upon her. At home, on the whole, she will have been pretty well treated. The Japanse are very gentle to their children, and the children fond of each other. When she's married things may turn out very differently. Divorces cannot always be the woman's fault, and two marriages out of five, or at all events one out of three, end in divorce. The seven reasons for divorce include such natural little outbreaks on the female part as disobedience to her father-in-law and mother-in-law, jealousy, disturbing the harmony of kinsmen, and bringing trouble on her household by talking over much and prattling disrespectfully, as well as such more ordinary casus belli as barrenness, lewdness, leprosy, and stealing!

Divorce is the most serious malady in life which a Japanese woman has to dread; for, owing to the very Salic Japanese theory that property is conveyed only through males, the children are always left in the care of the father, no matter what the rights or wrongs of the case may be. The woman is turned out of her home whenever her husband wishes to get rid of her, disgraced and practically a beggar unless her own family are willing to keep her, or unless she belongs to a sufficiently low class to be able to support herself by the labor of her hands.

Fortunately the vast majority of the divorces take place among the very low classes, where the woman can go back into service, or what not. It is thought rather bad form among the better classes. And as a wife is always well worth her food and lodging for the work she does, and the husband can have his "favorite" living as a member of the household, there is no particular reason to be seen why he should divorce her. If she is a sufficiently great heiress for the husband to have assumed her name, and had his name transferred from the register of his family to the register of hers, the tables are often turned. The transference of the wife's name to the register of her husband's family is the only official part of a Japanese marriage.

Even supposing her husband to be devoted to her, a Japanese wife can yet be very ill treated and miserable. She has to pay even more reverence to his father and mother than to him; and, if he is not the eldest son, there are the elder brothers and their wives to be considered also. Japanese mothers-in-law are often very hard on young wives, especially if they have no previous daughter-in-law; sometimes because they now for the first time have the luxury of some one to bully and treat to the accumulated grievances of a lifetime, sometimes only because they are supremely selfish and exacting of service.

DRIVERS ON LONDON STREETS.—As a rule the carelessness of the driver varies somewhat in proportion to the invulnerability of the vehicle that he drives. The driver of the hansom cab, though he often outrivals Jehu in the speed and fury of his driving, is always on the alert, and rarely fails to pull his horse in midcareer and avoid the collision which threatens him. To travel swiftly, to cut in and out of slower carriages, is the life of the hansom. We engage it for that purpose, and its driver seldom disappoints us. But the hansom is an extremely vulnerable vehicle; even in collision with the four-wheeler it will surely fare the worse. Hence it comes about that the driver of a hansom keeps a sharp lookout for obstacles, and prefers pulling his horse on his haunches to running over even the innocent foot passenger.

It is curious that, with all their speed, both hansoms and butchers' carts—by far the swiftest of the wheeled denizens of our streets—have fewer accidents laid to their account than their slower fellows. The omnibus driver is also of a careful nature. He, too, conducts a carriage that cannot go into action with impunity. The omnibus can afford to bully the hansom or the brougham, but it dare not jostle the van of its own size. And as regards foot passengers, the driver has a natural tenderness toward an unprotected race who supply him with fares.

THERE is a little patch of land abutting on one of the magnificent buildings that flank Victoria street, Westminister, London, which has remained waste for more than twenty years. It is surrounded by a high board fence, covered with advertisements. The income derived from these is such that it would not pay the proprietor to substitute a building.

BY TRIFLING WITH A COLD, many a one allows himself to drift into a condition favorable to the developement of some latent disease, which thereafter takes full possession of the system—Better cure your Cold at once with Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a good remedy for Throat ails and Lung affections.

Scientific and Useful.

REGISTERING.—Every cab in Berlin has a registering machine that tells the passenger exactly what he has to pay, and tells the owner of the cab what has been earned by the driver.

GOLD AND SILVER INK.—Fine bronze powder, or gold and silver leaf, ground with a little sulphate of potash, and washed from the salt, is mixed with water and a sufficient quantity of gum.

BLACK SILK REVIVER.—Boil logwood in water half an hour, then simmer the silk half an hour, take it out and put into the dye a little blue vitriol, or green copperas; cool it and simmer the silk for half an hour. Or, boil a handful of fig leaves in two quarts of water until it is reduced to one pint; squeeze the leaves, and bottle the liquor for use. When wanted sponge the silk with it.

MANIFOLD PAPER.—A process by which several letters can be written at one time. It is commonly known as copying paper. Mix lard with black lead or lamp-black into a stiff paste, rub it over tissue paper with flannel, and wipe off the superfluous quantity with a soft rag. These sheets alternated with black carbon paper, and written with a hard pencil, produce several copies of a letter at once.

COLD FEET.—This derangement is attributable to defective circulation of the blood. Coldness of the feet mostly comes on at night, and will often prevent a person sleeping long after he has got into bed. Treatment—Half an hour before bedtime walk up and down the room briskly, or run up and down stairs. Rub the feet with the hands or a flesh-brush. Dip them into hot water, without suffering them to remain in any length of time. Drink some warm beverage just before going to bed. In winter time, wear boots instead of slippers in the house. Do not sit long together, but every now and then get up and walk about. These, and many other simple expedients, may be adopted to prevent this unpleasant sensation.

Farm and Garden.

POTATOES.—Potatoes cannot be grown profitably for stock, but such a crop is one of the best for market. Corn is worth five times as much as potatoes for feeding stock, while its fodder is also a large item. As a rule, however, potatoes usually bring more in price than the actual nutritive value contained in them.

FEED.—It is not how much feed an animal will eat, but how much feed can be converted into some kind of product. A heavy feeder is considered by some as an objectionable animal, but if the animal yields largely of milk or butter, it must be able to consume and digest a large quantity of feed proportionately.

FLOCKS.—In England and Scotland the farmers raise large sheep, whole flocks averaging over 200 pounds each, alive, and when a wether is killed for family use, that which is not desired immediately is corned the same as beef. Small breeds are not raised in Great Britain, and the farmers pay no attention to wool compared with mutton.

WOOL.—The wool of the sheep is an efficient protection against cold, so long as it is kept dry. When wet it only adds to the sheep's discomfort, as the wool, being porous, exhales moisture very rapidly and cools its body accordingly. With a dry place to sleep in sheep will never suffer from cold except at the lambing time, when a warm place is always necessary.

FRUIT.—Small fruit growers ought to fertilize their land thoroughly, and when this is done they should keep it always producing something. If the strawberry patch is running out, either the red or black-cap raspberry can be planted between the rows. In this way the year after the strawberry plantation is cultivated under the raspberry canes will be in full bearing. It is the same with larger fruits. A young apple or pear orchard will grow strawberries, raspberries and blackberries nearly as well as if the orchard were not planted until it gets fully into bearing.

DO I LOVE YOU?

BY W. W. L.

Do I love you, sweet, my sweet?
Yes, you are my fondest treasure;
Priceless, fearless, purest pearl,
Love I give you without measure.

Do I love you, sweet, my sweet?
Like as red as June's first roses,
Yes, about all earth can give—
Love its sweet this fleetness.

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(CONTINUED.)

FROM that day Lord St. Aubyn's manner to Lyra changed. It was cold and repellent no longer, but eloquent of a tender, respectful, almost reverential devotion. But it was a devotion that was never obtrusive. When others were with her—and the English colony was particularly attached to Lady Dane, and made much of her—he disappeared or kept in the background. But when he was alone with her and Dane, he seemed to step most naturally and easily into the position of watchdog and constant friend.

Dane, as has been remarked, was—well, of a somewhat indolent disposition. Your truly wealthy, happy man is apt to be lazy. Why should he be otherwise? The world was made for him. So it happened that when Lyra wanted a book from the library, it was Lord St. Aubyn who fetched it for her, and selected it. It was he who, when she was going out, consulted the skies and found the sunshade or umbrella. It was he who appeared on the balcony with a fleecy wrap on his arm, and the remark that the night air was chilly; but he always gave the wrap to Dane to put round her.

All the stores of his remarkable memory were placed at her service. If the three walked out together, it was he who was ready to answer her questions as to this statue or that ruin. He planned drives and moonlight excursions, and wherever they went he was always thoughtful of her comfort and convenience.

Dane noticed the change in him and one day "chaffed" Lyra upon it.

"It is Una and the lion over again," he said. "Really, you ought to be very proud, my dear. I've never seen him even decently civil to a woman since—since his great trouble. But I don't suppose you are even grateful; you women think it only the proper thing for a man to chain himself to your chariot wheels."

To his surprise the eyes she lifted to him were tearful and almost reproachful.

"Don't say that, Dane," she said in a low voice. "Do you think I haven't noticed Lord St. Aubyn's kindness? Oh, yes, yes! and I am grateful, indeed I am. It makes me so happy, ah! so happy, to think that my husband's friend should be mine also."

"Well, you needn't cry, if you are happy," he said gently, penitently. "What a tender it is!" and he drew her face down and kissed her.

"I'm not crying," she said mendaciously, as she covertly wiped her eyes. "But I do pity him so much, Dane. Think what he must feel every time he sees us so happy. You are happy, Dane?"

"Slightly."

"Think when he sees us how it must remind him of his own past happiness lost for ever! Dane, he must be a good man or he would hate us; he could not bear to see us!"

"Well, he doesn't hate you at any rate," said Dane. "Poor old chap! He's looked something like his old self this last week or two. I tell you what! I'll take him back with us to Highfield if I have to drag him there."

St. Aubyn came in almost at this moment.

"I thought Lady Dane wanted to go to the gallery this morning?" he said, eyeing Dane's recumbent figure and slipshod feet.

"Did she? Did you? Oh, yes! I heard you two talking of it. All right. Give me five minutes."

He was not longer than fifteen, but when they had started he pulled up suddenly.

"I've left a letter I wanted to post," he said. "I'll catch you up in a minute or two."

"I'll go back for it," said Lyra at once, and as a matter-of-course.

"No, no, I'll go," said St. Aubyn, equally as a matter-of-course.

Dane laughed.

"You should both or either of you go, but I've forgotten where I've left it," he said. "Walk on and I'll catch you."

They strolled on.

It was a lovely morning, and the streets were crowded. They waited at the turning to the gallery, and St. Aubyn seized the opportunity to open her sunshade for her.

"Shall we go on?" he said. "Dane will go straight to the gallery."

They went down the narrow street, and had almost reached the massive entrance, when a small crowd came from the vicinity of one of the alleys.

It was the usual street crowd, a policeman towering in the midst.

St. Aubyn took Lyra's arm and drew her into a doorway to let them pass. As he did so Lyra saw that the policeman had hold of a man. He was a disreputable looking object, and apparently tipsy. His face was cut and bleeding, and his seedy clothes muddy.

"Oh, what has he done?" she said to St. Aubyn.

Before he could answer, the man, who had heard her voice, stopped, and struggled in a feeble kind of way with his captor.

"There's—there's an Englishman—there with that lady!" he said hoarsely. "Let me speak to them. They'll answer for me—let me speak to them, I tell you."

The policeman took a firmer grip, and, with a shrug of the shoulders, was pushing him past, when Lyra, always swift to pity, said—

"Oh! let him stop, Lord St. Aubyn. Let him speak to us. He is an Englishman, and—and in trouble."

St. Aubyn frowned, not from hardness of heart, but with annoyance that she should be brought in contact with this disreputable business.

"Oh, see, he is so helpless!" she pleaded.

The man heard her and made another struggle. Only desirious of getting clear of this affair as soon as possible, St. Aubyn stepped before as if to shield her from the crowd, and asked the policeman what was the matter.

Volubly he informed them that the man had been unable to pay his lodging, and defrauded an honest landlady, and in resisting ejectment had cut his head. He added that the man was "full of wine."

"What does he say? What has the man done?" asked Lyra.

St. Aubyn told her in a few rapid sentences; and instantly her hand went for her purse. In doing so she inadvertently stepped slightly forward. The man saw her, stared for a moment, then uttered a strange cry, and to the not unnatural amazement of the policeman, began to drag him away.

St. Aubyn put Lyra's purse aside.

"Go into the gallery," he said in the quiet tone of command which few women can resist. With a pitying glance at the prisoner—whose face was now turned away from her—she obeyed.

St. Aubyn inquired the amount of the debt, and placed some money in the man's hand. The man took it with a strange look of bewilderment, tried to mutter some words of thanks, then, as the policemen released him, staggered back to the alley and disappeared.

St. Aubyn entered the gallery and joined Lyra.

"Is it all right?" she said. "Have they let him go?"

He nodded and smiled.

"Why do you distress yourself on account of a wretch who doesn't deserve a moment's thought of yours?" he said almost rebukingly.

She smiled, her eyes still moist and pitying.

"He looked so miserable and unhappy, and"—she laughed softly, apologetically—"I, too, have been miserable and unhappy."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LORD DANE and his charming viscountess, as the Roman papers were given to calling Lyra, came to London in May, and as if it were a matter-of-course, St. Aubyn accompanied them. They did not intend to remain throughout the season, for neither Dane nor Lyra would have bartered the meadows of sweet, soft June for the garish gaities of London ballrooms; and it was arranged that after a stay in town of some six or eight weeks they should go down to Highfield. During their short London season the earl had offered them house-room at the huge family mansion at Lancaster Gate, and in the anticipation of their acceptation, he had prepared a suite of rooms for Lyra, which by the costliness of their luxury, absolutely appalled her.

Dane laughed as she sank into an easy chair, covered with priceless Oriental brocade, and gazed round the exquisitely decorated and appointed apartments—bedroom, dining-room, boudoir, all conjoined.

"Rather gorgeous and imperial, isn't it?" he said.

"Oh, Dane," she could only gasp, "how beautiful, how lovely, and how good he is to me! Think of him, with all he has to worry him, thinking of me and taking so much trouble; for Dosie says that he chose the things, and saw to it all himself!"

Dane smiled; he was pleased, of course.

"That's the guv'nor all over," he said; "he never does things by halves. It is his little way of showing you that he likes you."

"'Little' way," murmured Lyra, as she looked round the rooms at the rare furniture, the rich hangings, the inlaid cabinets of unique curios, the hundred and one knicknacks of bric-a-brac which are so dear to the heart of every true woman; and looking at them, remembered the costly presents of gems which the old man had already made her.

Dane laughed again.

"Goodness only knows what he has done with Highfield. Dosie hinted that he had transformed it into a miniature Starminster. But I accept it all as my due—as a slight acknowledgment of my wisdom—in choosing the dearest little girl in the world." And he put his arm round her head, and pressed it against his heart. "Now rouse yourself and get your war paint on, or you'll be late for dinner, and shock the always punctual Mrs. Fanshawe. You've been sitting there like a wax figure at Madame Tussaud's for the last ten minutes."

Five minutes afterwards he called out from the adjoining room, where he was vigorously brushing his hair—

"St. Aubyn dines with us to-night, I suppose?"

"Oh, I suppose so; of course," she replied, and she laughed. "Didn't you ask him?"

"No," he said; "I left that to you. I took that you would be certain to do so. Never mind, I'll look him up at the club and bring him home."

"Oh, do," she said. "He would feel so solitary dining alone the first night."

Dane smiled.

"I daresay he could find one or two other fellows at the club," he said. "But I'll tell him you asked him out of pity; he won't be offended perhaps."

Lyra laughed.

"I can't image Lord St. Aubyn offended with me."

"In—deed!" he laughed, with intense enjoyment of her naivete.

St. Aubyn was, apparently, not offended, and came home with Dane to what was quite a little family party, including Dosie and Martin, and Mrs. Leslie and the earl.

The meeting between the old man, who was the first to arrive, and Lyra was a very warm one.

"Well, my dear," he said, "so you have been very happy. I didn't ask, you see; I could read it in your face."

"Very, very happy!" she murmured, giving him a kiss. "I am glad you have come before the others, because I wanted to thank you for all you have done for me—my pretty rooms!"

He patted her shoulder and smiled down at her with fatherly affection.

"Not a word of thanks, my dear. I wish you knew how pleasant an amusement it has been to me."

"Have you seen Dane yet?" she asked. "I—I think he has been happy."

He laughed softly.

"Yes, I met him sauntering along Pall Mall just now as if the world were the jolliest of all possible places, and had been specially constructed for him. I didn't ask him, either, if he were happy. It was just as unnecessary as it was in your case. And so you are going down to Highfield in June?"

"Yes," she said. "We are both so fond of the country, and—— That is, we will stay in London if you wish it," she broke off quietly, and looking up at him.

"Heaven forbid, my dear!" he said at once. "I wouldn't have you risk those rose-tinted cheeks and bright eyes for the best season ever held. No, no. You are quite right! We miserable politicians are to sacrifice the summer; but there is no need for you and Dane to do so. And so you met St. Aubyn, and have brought him back with you. I am glad of that. He is a good fellow. Poor man. Dane has told you something of his great trouble, I suppose, my dear?"

"Yes," she said, softly, pityingly.

The old man nodded.

"A good woman is beyond rubies," he murmured. "A bad one is the devil's counterfeit of an angel! After the epigram, I'll go and dress," and he limped off. "I hear Dosie's voice in the hall, and I should be de trop," and he laughed.

The two women, after the first embrace, regarded each other critically, as is the manner of brides on meeting after their honeymoons.

"My dear Lyra, how well you look!" Lady Theodosia said.

"Why, that is what I was going to say to you!" exclaimed Lyra, as she drew her to a seat beside her.

Lady Theodosia smiled.

"I am very well," she said; "but you look more than well; you are"—she hesitated for a moment—"radiant! I'm not surprised at the fuss they made of you abroad, and I think the papers are quite correct in prophesying a brilliant triumph for you here in London," she added, as Lyra blushed. "Martin and I were sure you would not change; that all the adulation and flattery in the world could not make you vain."

"Oh, I hope not," laughed Lyra; "but I won't say as much for you and Martin's praises! And you are quite happy? But, as the earl says, I need not ask that."

"Yes," said Dosie in her grave way. "We are quite happy; but, indeed, we haven't time to be miserable, even if we were inclined. Since Martin took the living the work has been ever so much harder than it was before. You know that I have always felt that a parson's wife should really be her husband's helpmate, and I am trying to do my duty. We did think of selling Castle Towers and going to live in the old vicarage; but Martin would not consent. He was foolish enough to say that though he should prefer it, he would not let me deprive myself of the luxuries I had been accustomed to. As if I cared one jot whether I lived in a large house or a small one, or had two servants or twenty, a pony phaeton or a carriage and pair. No! I should like to lead the life of an ordinary clergyman's wife, but——" she sighed, "Martin will not hear of it."

"I always thought Mr. Fanshawe as wise as he is good," said Lyra.

Lady Theodosia's face lit up.

"Ah! if you only knew how good he is, my dear," she murmured. "But how selfish I am! Tell me about Dane."

"Oh! Dane is quite well—and as wicked as ever," said Lyra, laughing.

Dosie looked into her eyes and nodded apprehendingly; then taking her hand and kissing her she whispered—

"My dear, what a terrible mistake you and I nearly made! Think, if I had gone on and—robbed you of him!"

Lyra flushed and pressed her hand.

"Yes, and robbed Martin of yourself!" she whispered back.

It was a very pleasant, happy little reunion, and Lord St. Aubyn was not allowed to consider himself in the way. He and the old earl had a great deal to say to each other, and St. Aubyn spoke scarcely half a dozen words to Lyra; but every now and then his eyes rested on her with the grave regard which, often as she met it, never caused her any embarrassment; and once, when telling Dosie of some incident that had occurred during their travels, she forgot the name of the place, and turned to ask Dane, who, engaged with the duke, did not hear her, St. Aubyn quickly supplied the required information, as if he had been listening; and when, on leaving the room, she said, 'Oh, I have forgotten my fan," he held it out to her, just as her maid might have done.

Lady Theodosia remarked on the change in him.

"You and Dane have quite reformed Lord St. Aubyn," she said with a smile. "He has become positively attentive and polite. He used to be——"

"A perfect bear," put in Mrs. Leslie, laughingly. "The last time we saw him he stalked away from us as if we were plague-stricken."

Lyra looked from one to the other.

"Is he so changed? He has always been so kind and thoughtful since I have known him," she said.

Mrs. Leslie laughed again.

"So you take the credit of his reformation, my dear?" she said.

"I?" exclaimed Lyra, opening her eyes. "Why, what have I to do with it? He is Dane's friend; if he is changed, it must be through Dane."

"Yes," said Mrs. Leslie, with her old pleasant irony. "The force of example. We all know what a Chesterfield of attention and courtesy Lord Dane is."

There was a general laugh at the sally, and then the three women began to talk of the coming season.

"You have a terrible business before you, my dear," said Mrs. Leslie. "You will be overwhelmed with invitations, and will have to work like a slave—the slave of fashion—while you are here. No more free-and-easy wanderings about Continental towns. No more tete-a-tete dinners at restaurants with Lord Dane."

Lyra laughed.

"Oh, it was nearly always a trio," she said naively. "Lord St. Aubyn generally dined with us." Then she sighed. "And we were so happy! I am—I am almost sorry we came to London at all if it is to be altogether differerent. Dosie, you will have to try and help me. I know nothing about 'society' ways—absolutely nothing—and I shall make the most dreadful mistakes."

Lady Theodosia looked horrified at the proposal.

"My dear Lyra," she said gravely, "I should very glad to stay with you; but"—her voice grew almost solemn—"it is impossible for me to leave my parish. Quite impossible."

Mrs. Leslie smiled.

"Quite impossible!" she echoed, with a capital imitation of Lady Theodosia's solemnity. "Don't you know, Lady Dane, that if she left the parish the church roof would fall in, all the old women would die, and, in fact, the whole place would rush headlong to ruin? But I don't think you need be afraid of making mistakes. Even if you made them, the world would deem them delightful and consider them the fashion. My dear, famous persons are incapable of mistakes; their faults become virtues, their crimes little blemishes which prove them not quite divine. Would you like me to stay with you? I will if you like."

Lyra jumped at the proposal.

"Why, will you really?" she exclaimed delightedly.

"Yes, if Dosie will spare me, and I'm sure she will," said Mrs. Leslie.

"Why, of course," said Lady Theodosia; "but the idea that Lyra should make 'mistakes' in any way—it is ridiculous."

So it was arranged that Mrs. Leslie should remain at Lancaster Gate; and Lyra commenced "the campaign," as Dane called it, with that experienced woman of the world at her side.

From the very commencement the campaign proved a triumph. For once the heralds of fame had not exaggerated, and

at Lyra's first ball, the Duchess of Tolchester's, the first notes of victory were sounded with no uncertain tones. That great lady, the duchess, promptly expressed an emphatic approval of Lord Dane's wife.

"She is as lovely as they said, and twice as sweet," she declared, and during the evening she took an opportunity of congratulating Dane. "You are a most fortunate man, Lord Dane," she said. "Your wife is the dearest little woman"—Lyra was every inch as tall as her grace—"and perfectly irresistible. I see she has already got all the best men round her. But I don't think she will be spoiled."

"Thank you, duchess," said Dane, in his outright fashion. "No, I don't think she will be spoiled. I've given her a fine trial canter."

Her grace laughed. "Oh, anyone can see that you are absurdly fond of her!" she retorted. "And they tell me——" She stopped and laughed again.

"Don't mind my feelings, duchess; pray go on."

"Well, they say that it is six of one and half a dozen of the other."

"Yes," said Dane, with mock gravity. "Yes, I think she is fond of me, but you mustn't be hard upon her. It is the only instance of bad taste of which she has been guilty."

The duchess smiled. She and Dane were old friends, and she enjoyed his mock cynicism.

"She is too good for you, Dane," she said.

"So one or two other persons have remarked to me," he said placidly. "But I shall think it's true—improbable as it seems—if you say so."

The Tolchester ball was followed by a whole string of others. Lyra was plunged into the whirlpool of London fashionable life. Concerts, dinners, receptions—all the diversions which go to make up Vanity Fair in full swing seemed to absorb all her time.

"Why, it is hard work!" she remarked smiling to Mrs. Leslie. "Very hard work."

"It is," asserted that lady, "and not particularly good pay. My dear, some of these days the upper classes will strike for an eight-hour day, and won't be happy till they get it."

Dane, after a time, did not always accompany the ladies; but he generally "dropped in" at one of the small dances, and perhaps remained to bring them home. Lord St. Aubyn, however, was present at nearly every fashionable function. He never danced, but it always happened that when Lyra discovered she was tired and wanted rest, she also found that Lord St. Aubyn was near her and ready to take her to some comparatively quiet and cool spot. And it was he, also, who generally had her fan, her bouquet, her wrap, when they were missing.

His face had lost something of its sadness, though the expression of seriousness was still observable in his eyes, and he was still very silent and reserved. Even with Lyra herself he was not talkative; and it was not unusual for them to sit out a dance in perfect silence. But if she spoke his dreamy abstracted manner vanished in a moment, and he was all attention to her lightest word, and on the alert to gratify her smallest wish.

For a time there was a little whisper not of scandal, but of gossip and curiosity; but the most inveterate slanderer could find nothing in Lyra's manner or conduct to excuse calumny. Her obvious affection for her husband would have rendered any aspersion ridiculous.

To all her admirers—and their name was legion—her manner was the same. She was kindness, sweetness itself—was grateful for their attention, patient with their flattery, and that was all. Poor Clarence Hoare declared, with something suspiciously like tears in his eyes, that if she would only be angry with him he could bear it better than unvarying kindness, and smiling unbelief of his devotion.

"She's such an angel of modesty, so—so—humble, don't you know—dash it, that's not the word; but I can't get the right one—that she can't see that she's the loveliest and best woman in the world; and she only smiles when—when you try and tell her so."

Lord St. Aubyn paid no compliments. He had never once hinted at her beauty or praised a dress or an ornament. All the world might have heard every word he had ever said to her; and yet Lyra could always tell when he liked a new frock, and unconsciously got into the habit of consulting his eyes when she was doubtful of some new costume or arrangement of jewelry. She had long discovered the futility of asking Dane's opinion on such matters. In his eyes she was just perfect in whatever she wore; and that was an end of it.

Dane had sent down to Starminster for a couple of hacks for her, and Lyra now rode in the park each morning. She had learnt quickly, nominally under the tutorship of a riding-master, but really under Dane and St. Aubyn's teaching. Dane generally accompanied her in this morning gallop. But not seldom St. Aubyn rode on the other side; and it was more often than not he, instead of Dane, who examined her horse's girth and bit, and put her into the saddle. One day St. Aubyn bought a pair of ponies and a phaeton—outbidding a Russian princess, by-the-way—but he did not present them to Lyra, and took Dane's check. Who was he that he should presume to offer her a gift? But Lyra was as grateful as if they had indeed been a present.

"That you should think of me!" she said. "It is true that the princess cried with disappointment?"

"I daresay," he said, in his grave way.

"Oh, Lord St. Aubyn wouldn't care if all the other women in the world were drowned in tears if he could make you smile, Lady Armitage; neither would I," blurted out young Clarence, who happened to be present.

Lyra looked rather startled, and glanced from the boy's flushed face to the grave one of St. Aubyn. But St. Aubyn did not flinch.

"Mr. Hoare thinks that he has a pretty talent for epigram, Lady Dane," he said. "He is not the first man who has made a mistake."

The boy saw in a moment that he had said something more than usually foolish, and colored, but he was scarcely prepared for the severe reprimand which he received when Lyra had left him and St. Aubyn alone.

"No one, I suppose, can prevent you talking silly nonsense to Lady Dane, Clarence," St. Aubyn said, with a sternness of tone and eye that made the lad wince; "but let me ask you not to include me in your folly. There, my boy," he added, rather more kindly, as he laid his hand on the lad's shoulder, "don't look so heartbroken; it was only a silly speech, and silly speeches of that nature appear to be the vogue. But don't you think, Clarence, that you take a mean advantage of Lady Dane?"

"Mean advantage! I!" exclaimed the lad, half indignant, half remorseful.

"Yes," said St. Aubyn. "Most of the women you talk to in that fashion either laugh at or mock you; but Lady Dane never laughs—at most she only smiles—and she is always patient and forbearing. Respect her forbearance and patience."

"If—if I thought I'd ever said anything to offend give pain to Lady Dane, I'd—I'd cut my tongue out," stammered the lad.

St. Aubyn smiled down at him, not contemptuously, but with a kindly pity.

"My dear Clarence, I think Lady Dane scarcely fears you. I am sure that she does not remember one of your pretty speeches two minutes after they are delivered. Keep your tongue; you're wanting it too much." Then as the lad turned away St. Aubyn's hand fell on his shoulder again, and gripped it tightly. "There, there," he said, still more kindly, "you think me a brute, I daresay. Well, so I am; but I'm not such a fool as to fail to see that Lady Dane is too good for the nonsense you may offer her. My boy, you and I should approach such a woman on our knees, and not with empty flattery on our lips," and he strode off, leaving Clarence with something of the sensation which a man feels when he has been severely, though kindly, whipped.

The days slid by; the spring was dancing into summer, and the time came when, by all the rules of etiquette, Lady Dane should give her principal ball. There had, of course, been many dinners and "at homes," but this was a special affair. For this tremendous function, even Dosie had consented to tear herself from her beloved parish and its manifold duties. Lyra had by this time become one of those important personages, "a leader of fashion," and this dance naturally created a flutter of excitement. Large as was the ballroom at the house at Lancaster Gate, it could not accommodate half the persons who were anxious to be present, and the usual exultation on the part of the successful, and more than the usual heartburnings of those who failed.

A Royal personage had not only promised but "requested permission" to be present; and as Dane, who took the whole thing in his usual indolent fashion, remarked, the affair threatened to be the "biggest show" of the season.

For this ball, Lyra, who was given to dressing very quietly, was persuaded to depart from her ordinary rule, and a magnificent costume had been ordered from Worth. She was to wear—for the first time since her presentation—the famous Starminster diamonds; and in the society papers, some days before the ball, appeared paragraphs descriptive of this dress and the famous gems, much to Dane's amusement and Lyra's annoyance.

"I have a very great mind not to wear them," she said to Mrs. Leslie, who laughingly remarked that Lyra was too economically-minded to waste a dress that had cost a small fortune.

The night, in the first week of June, was a superb one, and a large crowd of sightseers had collected as near the entrance of the house as possible, eager to see the guests as they alighted from their carriages and passed under the scarlet awning to the ballroom.

Lyra, as she stood at the door receiving the brilliant and seeming endless line, might be excused if now and again she asked herself the question. "Is this I—I, Lyra Chester, of the Mill Cottage, by the Yaw? Or is it some great lady masquerading in my name and likeness?" But whenever the marvelousness of the change

struck upon her senses she had only to turn to Dane, who stood a few feet from her with her bouquet in his hand, and his cheery smile on his happy face, to realize that she was the same person, though Lyra Chester no longer, but Lyra, Viscountess Armitage. At a little distance St. Aubyn hovered about, in case Lyra should want him, and when now and again she would beckon him with a smile or a wave of the hand, he would stride forward like a soldier at the command of his officer, execute her order, and be back again in silence, almost grim, attendance.

"Getting tired about the wrists?" asked Dane, in a break of the long line of arrivals. "What a pity they don't have a dummy hostess, a sort of effigy, with clockwork arms and a mechanical voice, which, whenever its hand was shook, could squeak out, 'Oh, how do you do? So good of you to come!'"

Lyra shook her head. She was strong and not at all tired; but St. Aubyn came forward with a chair.

"You can sit down for a few minutes at any rate," he said. "What a mass of people there are. You don't expect them to dance, poor wretches, do you?"

Lyra smiled.

"Everybody seems to have come who was asked," she said.

"And a great many who were not," remarked Mrs. Leslie, laughing. "I only hope that the Prince will be able to make his way through the rooms."

"How hot it is getting," said Dane. "I'll go and see if we can't take off the roof, or knock out one of the walls. Just look after her, St. Aubyn, will you?"

St. Aubyn took the bouquet as a matter-of-course and his place just behind Lyra.

The rooms were hot, as Dane had said, and the music seemed to throb through the heat waves and the voices like pulsations of a steam-engine.

"Will you not be glad to get into the country?" St. Aubyn said in his low voice. "Think of the green fields, with to-night's moon on them; and the thrushes singing in the trees."

Lyra sighed and laughed.

"Don't, please!" she said wistfully. 'Oh, how do you do, Lady Sutcliffe? How good of you to come," etc., etc.

Presently there rose the sound of a cheer from the small crowd outside, followed by the usual stir and flutter of excitement on the stairs, the stir that communicates itself to the ballrooms themselves, and Lyra knew that the Prince had arrived, to set by his presence the seal of absolute success to her ball.

Gracious, genial, not "affable," but genuinely amiable and desirous to please, he made a longer stay than usual, and, with perfect sincerity and the smile and bow for which he is famous, congratulated Lyra upon the success of her party.

Then, when he had taken his departure, and the hour had become too advanced for many fresh arrivals, she was free to leave her post, and move about the rooms.

"Yes," said the Duchess of Torchester, watching her as, with a step as light and graceful as that with which she had gone up the valley, trout-rod in hand, Lyra moved amongst the guests, "Yes, I don't know that I remember a lovelier and more fascinating woman. She is as full of dignity as an empress, and yet as simple-minded and modest as a girl; more, indeed, than some," she added. "See how she wears that dress and the Starminster diamonds; they might be glass beads for any sign of consciousness she gives; and she is really unconscious. There is not a woman here who could wear them with a finer air than she does. No wonder Lord Dane looks proud and happy. See! He has just gone to speak to her. Notice the way he looks at her, the smile in his eyes and hers."

Her Grace turned away and sighed. "Why can't one always keep young?" she murmured.

There was a crush in the supper-rooms, and Lyra hoped that after supper some of the guests would go; but no one was anxious to leave what was evident to prove the ball of the season, and the crush was as great after the festive meal as before.

Lyra, of course, did not dance, every inch of room was needed for her guests, and she and St. Aubyn were sitting at the entrance to the fernery, not talking, but looking on, just when the ball was at its height; and Lyra was gazing at the faces as they passed with rather an absent air, when suddenly she became conscious of one of those shocks which are caused by the sight of a person closely connected with a painful incident in one's past life.

The man—or was it a woman? she could not tell—had passed in a moment, and been swallowed up in the crowd of dancers and promenadors; but in that moment back rushed upon Lyra's mind the memory of that awful day when she stood face to face with Geoffrey Barle—her husband—and demanded the price of her sacrifice.

It came back with a rush that sent the blood to her face. Why, she had almost forgotten the existence of the wrong, had almost learned, in her great happiness, to doubt the really of that awful past. And now——

"It is dreadfully hot," said St. Aubyn's voice in her ears. "Will you come out on the balcony, just into the air?"

"No, no," she said, "I may be wanted. Here is Dane coming even now. What is it, Dane?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At Home and Abroad.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland has recommended a scheme of church fire insurance. This is the result of investigations, which showed that during five years, in which they paid $4000 in premiums, the total loss by fire was only $1500.

Massachusetts has 7833 public schools of all grades, a gain of 323 over last year. There are 11,744 teachers, a gain of 181, and 400,600 pupils, a gain of 8894. There are 225 high schools, attended by 30,340 pupils. The amount of money used for school purposes last year was $9,778,544. There are 63,163 children in private schools.

A Japanese house has by way of furniture a few coals in a fireplace of sand, quilts and cushions, low tables six inches high, screens, lamps, cups and dishes of common clay. Vases of greater value—of which the Japanese are great connoisseurs—are kept in storage warehouses, on account of the frequency with which dwellings are burned.

Of the 40 monarchial countries at present found on the map of Europe, 33 are governed by members of descendants of German families. Of these 22 are in the German Empire and 11 outside of Germany—namely, Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, England, Greece, Liechtenstein, the Netherlands, Austria-Hungry, Portugal, Roumania, Russia. The reigning families in Spain, Sweden, Italy and Monaco are of Romalc origin, although those of Savoy and Spain, while Bourbon, are strongly mixed with German blood. Of Slavic origin are only the house of Petrowitch-Njegosh, reigning in Montenegro, and that of Obrenovich, reigning in Servia; this last also is not of unmixed blood. The Sultan is of Turanian origin. The forty rulers in Europe are derived from 26 different families, and of them 17 are German.

At least one collection of postage stamps has found a practical result. There is a Christian village on the bank of the Kongo, in South Africa, which was inaugurated and has been maintained by stamp money. Over 40,000,000 used stamps were collected in Brussels, from the sales of which the money needed was obtained. The Kongo State gave the land.

February, 1866, is referred to by astronomers as "the month without a full moon." January and March of that year had each two full moons, while the intermediate month did not have one. Says a writer in an astronomical journal, referring to this fact: "Do you realize what a rare thing in nature it was? It has not happened before since the beginning of the Christian era, or probably since the creation of the world! It will notoccur again, according to the computations of the astronomer royal of England, for, how long do you think? Not until after 2,500,000.

A correspondent in speaking of the oldest newspaper in the world, published at Peking, of which mention was made in this paper several weeks ago, says: "A newspaper published in Peking is understood to be the oldest in the world. It dates from a period 200 years prior to the Norman conquest of England. Naturally, its prolonged existence in an autocratically governed country like China has been marked by many vicissitudes, not the least of which is the fact, recently announced in its columns, that during the 1000 years of its existence 1000 of its editors have been beheaded, or, roughly speaking, two per annum."

A German paper says that one of its contemporaries recently published the following advertisement: "A young lady of enormous wealth, who is prepared to pay off all the debts of her intended husband, desires to form the acquaintance of a respectable young gentleman, with a view to matrimony. Each reply to be accompanied by a photo of the sender, and addressed to J. P., at the office of this paper." The delicate hand which drew up the above lines and thereby secured a very large number of offers belonged to no less a personage than Herr Itzig Schlauchcleese, who had lately opened a clothing establishment in town. By means of the photos sent in, he was enabled to ascertain which of his would-be customers were in the habit of leaving their debts unpaid.

United States Consul Lathrop, at Bristol, England, has furnished to Secretary Morton some interesting tables showing, first, the corn importing countries of Europe, from which it appears that eight countries imported during the fiscal year last past over 124,000,000 bushels of corn. Of this amount the United Kingdom took over 70,000,000, and Germany nearly 33,000,000 bushels; France took 10,500,000, and Holland and Austria-Hungary each took 5,500,000; Belgium took nearly 5,000,000, and Denmark and Switzerland 1,700,000 bushels each. Next were tables showing the imports of the United Kingdom, Germany, France and Holland, and from what countries they supplied themselves. The bulk of the corn imported into the United Kingdom comes from Roumania and the United States, but Russia, Canada and Turkey, in the order named, are drawn upon to make up about one-fourth of the supply. Nearly half of that imported into Germany comes from the United States, and this country, with Roumania, supplies nearly four-fifths of Germany's total imports.

Any man that puts an article in reach of overworked women to lighten her labor is certainly a benefactor. Dobbins' Soap Mfg. Co., surely merit an order this line of soap-making Dobbins' Electric Soap so good that all can use it. You get it at trial.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING
POST

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 725 SANSOM ST.

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 9, 1895.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2 00
2 Copies One Year..... 3 00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter up of Club..... 6 00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Pleasures of Mystery.

Love in its early stages is all mystery. How little two people, but just enamored of each other, really understand each other! Their imagination kindles like a pile of straw upon which a spark has fallen. Each endows the other with many virtues and excellences foreign to them both. It is doubtful whether a young man's fancy or his sweetheart's fancy in this respect is the more vivid. Much depends, of course, upon individual temperament and education. But in any case the ideal figure created in the lover's imagination is always much superior to the man or woman of flesh and blood and common human frailties who inspires it.

Taking hold of this point, some may say, very plausibly, that the married life which generally follows upon the ecstatic love of courtship would have a surer hope of happiness if there were less mystery, less of the glamor of romance, about the lovers ere they went to the altar. The question would bear long arguing. But, for our part, we believe in the disciple of petty trials and gradual understanding of each other, which is the common lot with husband and wives. Many suffer by it, to be sure, and many find it too much for them. But for those who accept it in its true light there is no such educating and perfecting power.

Take away the mystery that envelopes every human character, and into what would all married life be transformed? Merely a cold exact bargain. The one party would say to the other: "I see what you are, and you suit me. Will you be kind enough to cast your eyes upon me, and see if I am your complement in your opinion, even as you are, in my opinion, mine?" No clergyman with his solemn prayer-book service would be needed to consecrate such alliances. There would be no risk on either side—at least, it must be assumed so.

Then there is the superb, never-ending mystery that hangs over children. If an infant's future could be forecast by rule of thumb or something equally explicit, what a frigid and sorrowful time its mother would be likely to spend with it! Where would then be the pleasure, say rather the rapture, of the castle-building in which the unenlightened mothers of our day continue to indulge about their babes? "Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top!" the young mother sings as she nurses the little treasure, and in her mind's eye already sees him a man, and a great man, of whom she may be prouder than any mother was ever yet proud of her son. He will be handsome and good as well as great, and it will be his old mother's consoling joy, when her hair is gray, to have his children on her knee even as now she has him himself. Is there not pure pleasure in these sweet hopes? And how would it be if there were no mystery in the matter; no doubt, only certainty? There would then be weeping mothers instead of laughing and bright-eyed mothers; and many a poor soul would be deterred only by the hand of the inevitable from strangling the breath in the quiet, innocent little babe at her feet or pressed against her breast.

Among ten mothers now building pretty and ambitious castles about their pink-and-white treasures in the cradle, at least five would be miserable. One would prematurely feel the anguish that should come upon her when five years hence her darling succumbed to croup. And others would look forward stonily to the time of the manhood or womanhood of their babes, when stereotyped calamity had marked them for its victims.

But let us change the subject, though not the home. Already, thanks to nineteenth-century zeal in exploration, our globe has lost much of the charm of mystery that lay upon it when our grandfathers lived. In Dean Swift's time, Gulliver's adventures, though marvellous, were held credible by many readers. There were no School Boards in Queen Anne's reign, and half the world provided food for conjecture rather than knowledge. Things were better still in that amazing sixteenth century which, with the discovery of America and the gold of the Incas and the Aztecs, flooded the minds of men with romantic dreams. But the last hundred years have played havoc with us in this respect.

True, the modern novelist has often civilly tried to cheer us back into the old paths of eerie belief; but though he does well in the matter, and gives us momentary thrills, he fails to convince us. His thousand-year-old queens and cavernous treasure chambers are exceedingly welcome, yet when we get to the word "Finis!" it is all up with fancy. We shut the book, exclaim "Pretty good for a lie!" and resume our unromantic work at so much an hour or so much a year, fundamentally unconsoled though the romancer have romanced ever so closely to Nature's lines.

The pleasures of life are all built on mystery. Literature in its most enjoyable form, fiction, would not attract if on the first page of each novel the reader could ascertain in a moment what fate befell the hero of the book.

SUPERIOR insight discovers much of good where only evil was supposed to lurk and much of truth where only error was supposed to reign. More than this—all true education tends to strengthen the imagination and to enable us to realize much that would otherwise be a sealed book. It opens the heart and mind of another in such a way that we discover his ideas and desires, gauge his temptations, measure his strength, find out his way of looking at things, and see the motives which sway him. This produces sympathy, and sympathy is everywhere the foe of severity.

SWEETNESS of manner has its source far too deep to be learned by practice or rote. It is of no use trying to learn the trick of putting it on, like a grenadier's cap, to make oneself of consequence; it must be innate, for it is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace—an instinctive consideration of the feelings of others, a forgetfulness of self. Courtliness is the counterfeit, often passing muster for the real thing; its success is commensurate with the success of the effort to please others.

HARD blows on the marble in its cutting and trimming and patient and persistent effort at its polishing are essential in the process of transforming the rude block as it comes from the quarry into the finished statue which is a centre of admiration in the gallery. Yet no statue ever formed by the hand of man cost such determined effort and such untiring patience in its completing as a finished human character.

A MOTHER'S life must be of necessity a concession in little things, a continual sacrifice. A happy family-life of many members cannot be maintained unless there is concession and sacrifice on the part of every member. And in a small way the family-life is an epitome of the life of the great world outside.

THE great majority of uncharitable judgments in the world may be traced to a deficiency of imagination. The acquisition of this power of intellectual sympathy is a common accompaniment of a large and cultivated mind, and wherever it exists it assuages the rancor of controversy.

ONE secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers in which idle people indulge themselves.

IT is not the love that craves, but the love that gives freely, generously, asking for nothing again, which reflects back upon the giver in gladness of heart.

JUNGLE NOTES IN SUMATRA.

IT HAS been my fortune to spend some two years in the island of Sumatra, so little known generally to Europeans, and containing so many strange and eccentric species of bird, beast, and tree. Unfortunately, I am not a scientific man, and my occupation, that of a tobacco overseer, did not leave me much leisure for observation; but some odd experiences in natural history came under my notice.

The tiger is plentiful enough, but it is not held in much dread. They are much more frequent in the older districts than in virgin jungle. One reason for this is that in Deli proper, where tobacco-planting has been carried on for many years, the fields which have been planted, and, as is the practice, allowed to lie fallow for six or seven years, have become covered with a dense growth of sword-grass, thus affording just the cover that the tiger likes. But though their tracks may be found thickly on the roads immediately surrounding the large town of Medan, they very seldom attack human beings, and are not very destructive even to cattle. I do not remember half a-dozen cases of man-eating in two years. But they have a very strong penchant for dog-flesh, so much so, that a dog left outside the house at night will most certainly be carried off.

In one instance, two Germans were sitting in the veranda of a house in broad daylight about four P. M., with one of the great useless mongrels so much affected by Germans lying on the top of the wooden steps. The house faced a road on which parties of coolies were coming and going every five minutes. Suddenly, a tiger, which had been lying concealed in the deep road-side ditch, dashed up the steps and disappeared into the sword-grass, dog in mouth, before the astonished men could rise from their seats. I remember a fine young half-grown tiger trapped a few years ago in Langkat whose stomach contained a large number of frogs—an odd diet for a tiger.

Tiger-hunting, as understood in India, is impracticable in Sumatra, or at any rate in the coast districts, from the impenetrable nature of the jungle and the extremely unhealthy climate; and game of all kinds, though retiring before the tobacco plantations, is little molested. The work on a tobacco estate is so heavy and continuous, that Europeans have no leisure for sport; and the Malays as long as they can get rice and fish, will never trouble themselves about the game, much of which is forbidden them by Islam.

But the pagan Malayans of the interior, Bataks, Alias, etc., have no more scruples about food than hyenas; man, horse, rhinoceros, orang-utan, or snake, no matter how tough or how "far gone," are alike to them, and they are very clever trappers, and expert at poisoning the "sumpitan" Sometimes they get up a deer-drive, at which the game is driven up to a line of strong nets by a cordon of men and dogs. But one experience of a Sumatran battue is enough for most Europeans, for, as the savages get excited, spears are hurled and overloaded "gas-pipe" muskets discharged recklessly at every moving object; and I heard of one instance where a Dutch gentleman escaped by sheer miracle, his coat being literally torn off his body by a charge of rusty nails from a blunderbuss, without his receiving more than a scratch or two.

The dogs employed are curious little animals, fox-colored, with long pricked ears and curly tails. They never appear to get accustomed to Europeans, puppies of a few days' old resenting the touch of a white man with yells of fright and spite; while older dogs remain always snappish and unfriendly, preferring the society of the cook to that of their owner.

The elephant is not uncommon; but a few years ago the mysterious "murrain" which swept over the Sunda Islands, destroying alike wild and tame herbivorous animals, greatly thinned their numbers. The Malays of these islands have altogether lost knowledge of training them, and are quite incredulous when told that it can be done, though, three hundred years ago, the Sultan of Achin possessed a considerable number.

I once saw a very young one, which had been accidentally trapped in a well, and had in a few weeks become even familiar, to such an extent that his great desire was to enter the estate-manager's house. To do this he had to ascend a very steep wooden stair, or rather step-ladder, in the most comically laborious fashion; and, once landed in the verandah, his first step was, if not prevented, to fling out chairs, tables, and all movables to the ground beneath.

I scarcely think that elephants could be usefully employed on the east coast of Sumatra at present, as the country being all one vast swampy jungle without stone for metalling, they would make the clay roads utterly impassable for all other traffic, and there are very few bridges in the country that would bear their weight.

The two horned rhinoceros is a much scarcer animal, and there are very contradictory reports as to its nature, some accounts representing it as a most dangerous beast, and others, as a particularly timid one. The only one I ever saw had been killed by a party of Bataks, two days before, and was in such a state of decomposition that it was impossible to approach, but not a bit too "high" for the hunters, who were gorging themselves like wolves around it, with the merest show of grilling the dreadful viands. The horns of this specimen were mere stumps, eight or nine inches long.

PLEASANT BED COMPANIONS IN DALMATIA.—"Among others there is a black beetle indigenous to Dalmatian soil, the remembrance of which," writes a newspaper correspondent, "will put me into a cold prespiration to the last day of my life. It is as large as a mouse, and much fleeter than a deer—a gigantic and appalling combination of shininess and speed. To see him go up your bed-room wall, well out of reach, at the rate of five feet per second, might make the stoutest heart quail. He comes down and joins you after you have put your light out. He is not afraid of a revolver. I would not wish my worst enemy a more unhappy quarter of an hour than I have passed with and elderly black beetle of this class in the ancient burg of Dubrovnik. There is a flying thing too—a thing as large as a wren, with a hum quite superior in quality and volume to that of any top I ever dreamt of in childhood's wildest visions. This thing malignantly secretes itself in your room during the day, whilst the windows are open, and waits with fiendish insidiousness until you are snugly settled in bed, having satisfied yourself that there are no scorpions left, and spread a centipede or two out quite thin on the wall with your slipper. Just as your mind begins to be at ease, and the skirmishers of sleep have effected a lodgment upon your eyelids, out sallies the thing from its place of vantage, and starts upon its nefarious course with a booming and whirring of wings that are a good deal more easily conceived than described.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS

E. G.—Generally speaking, an engagement ring is not intended for use as a wedding ring, although there are cases where it has been made to do such double duty.

C. S.—In telegraphy, as in the majority of other occupations, vacancies nearly always exist for expert operators, while half-skilled and plodding workers abound, and are not wanted at living salaries.

G. B.—If the form of the phrase be changed to the objective, we should say, "They praised all the scholars but him," and the completed sentence would be, "but him they did not praise." Whenever you are puzzled as to whether you should use he or him in such a phrase, you can determine the matter by running the sentence out to its full expression.

R. V. V.—A metallic appearance may be imparted to figures made of wood or plaster of Paris by first giving them a coat of oil or size-varnish, and when this is nearly dry, applying, with a dabber of cotton or a camel's-hair pencil, any of the metallic bronze powders. The surface, when dry, must be given a coat of copal varnish, which imparts to it a lustrous appearance.

VICTORIA.—The oleandor was originally a native of the Indies, but now grows wild in the South of Europe, by shady streams and in damp places. In this country it generally requires to be kept in a hothouse, should be planted in a rich soil, and must have plenty of heat and moisture, or it will not thrive. The flowers are large and of a bright red, and the bark is poisonous, and used in some parts of the world for destroying rats and mice.

S. I.—Unless a lady is engaged to marry a gentleman she has no right to expect him to be continually dancing attendance upon her. On the occasion referred to he doubtless discovered that she was jealous, and therefore endeavored to tease her by appearing to be very attentive to another lady. She should not allow such a trifling affair to lead her into the belief that he does not love her. When he has asked for her hand and becomes her accepted lover, she can then demand that all promiscuous flirting shall cease.

R. A.—The hygienic treatment known as "Massage Treatment" rubbing or kneading the body is very ancient. The name is derived from the Greek "to knead," and the Arabic "to press softly." The Chinese practiced friction, kneading, manipulation, and rolling thousands of years before the Christian era. Rubbing and anointing are parts of this system of hygiene. Plutarch tells that Julius Cæsar had himself pinched all over daily to get rid of neuralgia. Diet, bathing, exercise, and friction are usually sufficient to keep one in good health.

L. H. B.—Behring Strait, a channel connecting the North Pacific and Arctic Oceans between the continents of Asia and America, was discovered by Vitus Behring in 1728. He was a navigator in the Russian service. The strait is frozen over every winter. Captain Cook visited and described the strait in 1778, and later Captain Beechey. Between East Cape in Asia and Cape Prince of Wales on the American side, the strait is only 36 miles longs. The depth of water is from 20 to 30 fathoms. It is commonly reckoned about 1000 miles long. The Island of St. Lawrence stands opposite the southern opening of the strait. Captain Behring was wrecked in 1741 on a desolate island, where he died.

H. S. J.—The "fayence of Henry II." is hard pottery incapable of being scratched. It is that of the sixteenth to the eighteenth century. The beautiful description of this pottery above-named is supposed to have been made in Touraine and La Vendee, but its history is lost. It seems to have been made in imitation of the soft pottery of Urbino. The patterns are engraved on the paste and filled in with other colored pastes, in zones of yellow, with borders of green, blue, violet, or black; but dark yellow is the dominant color. The paste is white, very fine, and varnished, not glazed. The "Rose Dubarry" porcelain was soft, and was manufactured at Sevres, Madame Dubarry having introduced a color into the manufacture which was called after her.

MY HAUNTED HEART.

BY E. A.

My heart is haunted! Shadows—
A spectre throng is there!
And though from I evermore
A face of sweet and fair
My heart is sadly haunted.
Pressed through the crowd of shades it sees
And the shade shades darkly.
That fair face haunted heart.

My heart is haunted! Shadows—
Thy smiling youth is there!
And I dream in ghostly mood lately
Those lineaments of thine
Have pressed the spectre hall
But a wraith and shade shades
With sorrow my haunted heart.

His Masterpiece.

BY A. T. B.

"YES, and do you know, Farrell, you are almost the last man I should ever have expected, at one time, to show me more kindness or give me more practical encouragement."

"Have I encouraged you? Ah, well, that only proves how little one really knows one's friends."

And Farrell, the man addressed by George Merivale, the owner of the studio in which they were standing, smiled in answer to the other's somewhat effusive address.

"That is so, too, very strongly, before you came out to Wau, and in your first letters, I had the idea of impressing on you, whatever you please to call it, that you disturbed me rather hard core."

"Ah, you always were facetious, you know."

"Oh, that is a...ever...ing sin, of I never should have told you so—but you know all that, don't you?"

"Then why trouble to explain? If you know anything about me at all, you must own that I am not such a—I mean, not nearly so impervious clause of egoist-ness as you," and the sitter grew more pronounced than ever as the speaker went on.

"But then, as to the idea. So long as you can turn your talents to good account, and be pleased in the end...I should say, be the very last to cross your path or stop you of them."

"On the contrary, you have done nothing but advise.

"Advise is hardly the word. It does not express it. I am only sorry I have never been able to see you at your picture [illegible]."

"You think it is...ticable, then?" queried the painter eagerly.

"Most tolerable, and not to...go me into what pitfalls a habit of quoting may lead one. What I meant to say was that it is a truly remarkable work."

And the critic screwed up the left eye through which to examine it the better.

"And you know why I am so terribly anxious, don't you? But of course you do, for am I not always telling you? When everything—the desire of one's whole life, one's success in one's career, and above all in love—all hang upon a thing, one may be forgiven for wishing to have one's own opinion confirmed. As to my own opinion, I should never place too much reliance on that; I am always in extremes. Sometimes I feel quite hopeful, and that it is really as you say—striking and original. But then at other times I have my doubts. When I wake up and come to it fresh in the morning, I am troubled with misgivings—that there, as you say again, I am full of fancies."

"You are! Good."

"Yes, I have been working rather too hard, I believe. But it will soon be finished and sent in, and then—why, then I can rest."

"And what do the other fellows think—or rather, what do they say? For it is difficult to get to know the real opinions of some people, as I dare say you know."

"Oh, none of them have been to see it lately. That is one thing that has made me uneasy, and let me rather to—to doubt, you know.

And Merivale glanced wistfully at his companion.

"But if you think you rely too much on the opinions of others, and not enough on your own? You see that it is good—quite the most daring thing you have ever painted, I think you said. Then why not bear by that and let the rest go?"

"No, I do try, but when so much—everything—depends on it, one's own judgment is so often biassed and completely wrong."

"Candidly, Merivale, you are a—a queer fish. You are allowing this to have far too great an influence over you. Why I do believe if anything were to happen—say that the picture were to turn out a—a mistake, a hopeless and ridiculous failure—I really believe——"

"Oh, hush, Farrell! and I suggest anything so horrible!

"Well, my dear fellow, it was only a suggestion, caused by your own—but you are going a long way towards proving the truth of my words. You look quite white and ill. You really must take care."

I cannot take anything until this weight is off my mind. And if it were to—to turn out as you suggest, I—I believe it would be the death of me outright." And throwing down his palette and brushes the painter paced hurriedly about the room, while the other watched him narrowly through his half closed eyes, as he fidgeted in still greater agitation:

"Thanks to you and your suggestion, I have risked everything on this."

"Nay, nay, Merivale, I protest. Don't throw all the weight on me. It is true when first you mentioned your idea for the competition to me I did say, 'Why not go in?' but I never meant it—seriously that is; while as to recommending you to throw up all your other work, and neglect all your commissions, I never should have ventured to advise anything so——"

"Mad—no, perhaps not. But I am in it now. have staked all on this one throw, and—you know you did admire the first sketch I showed you." This was said with a return of anxiety.

"I told you you had got hold of a wonderful idea—startling and original. I believe I said—and I have never seen any reason to change my opinion since; which was your own, if you remember, at the time. So why not rest satisfied with that? Stick by your first impressions and send it in. You will learn all about it, from the critics, then."

"Well, I will. I must believe; merely to doubt is too horrible! Besides, I have felt all through as though I were inspired. Except, that is, at these dreadful seasons of depression; which seize upon and shake me until I—but, as you say, I will trust to my first impressions and to—to you. You should know—while for the rest, no one has seen it for months, during which I have slaved at it early and late, and let everything else go."

"And Eurydice, Miss Earnshaw——"

"Has been away. She, too, has never seen it since the first outline. But to-day she is coming to give me one more sitting for the final touches, and——"

"You will let her see it?"

"You—you think she will be pleased?" urged the painter doubtfully.

"My dear fellow, she will be surprised; I feel confident of that. And now take my advice. You are worn out and terribly excited. Take a dose of chloral, or bromide, or whatever that stuff is the doctor gave you, have a rest. You will be worth ever so much more when you awake."

"Do you think so?"

"And bear in mind what Sir Joshua, or one of those fellows, said—I forget where I read it now—about broadening your effects. It must be done for exhibition pictures. What do you think of that carmine—is it deep enough, do you consider? The eyes, too—would not a trifle of depth—above all the smile—it must be no mere simple, or curl of the lip; but, of course, you will see and decide all that for yourself. I dare say; I may be quite wrong."

No, you are right, as you always are; I can see it now. I will just go over it again, and then, after an hour or so's work, lie down. I shall look and feel less tired when Mabel comes to see me this afternoon."

"Well, I'll be off and leave you to it. Who the deuce—— Oh! here's that fellow Eversleigh coming. He will not care about seeing me, we were never the best of friends. But I thought he was away—abroad."

"So he was; the wonder is to see him now. Back just in time, too; I am pleased. I was afraid it would all have been over before; but now, next to Mabel there is no one I——"

"Do you mean you are going to show him—this?"

"Why not? He is my very oldest, closest friend."

"Oh! please yourself of course. Only, were I you—after the way some of your other friends have behaved, and all that——"

"But Eversleigh is——"

"Candor itself, no doubt. Still, I would learn first whether he is going in himself. One never knows. Time enough to show him—if you must—after that."

"You—you think so?"

"I'm sure so. In some things you really are little better than a child. Don't you see it for yourself?"

"Well, perhaps you are right; though I should as soon have thought of doubting—but maybe you are right."

And with that, after repeating: "Why, of course, it's only common sense. It is far too late to profit by any suggestion he might make, so you just keep the curtain down. He'll see it on view, and I must be off. I don't wish to meet him here," Farrell had gone hurriedly away.

Hardly had he got clear of the side door, than Eversleigh, the "oldest, closest friend," came in at the front, and after the first awkwardness of "welcoming the coming," with the warning words of the "parting" guest still sounding in his ears, Merivale gradually thawed and relapsed into the old intimate relations. While Eversleigh, after one quick glance at his friend's face, and then at the signs of disorder and neglect about the studio, began to talk:

"Well, and what have you been doing all this long time? Too busy to write, eh?"

"Yes, too busy, and too—shall I say absorbed? Both, I think," laughed the other nervously, with a trace of the awkwardness of doubt still lingering about him.

"You seem a trifle 'fey' even now. How,

or what, is it?—if that is a fair question."

"Why, you must know, or, rather, you do know, that I am very much in love."

"Quite so; so much you did send me word. And how fares the tender passion?"

"In some respects well, nothing could be better, but——"

"Oh! there are buts."

"That goes without saying, does it not?" and again the laugh sounded nervous and constrained before he finished. "It is part of the usual probation, and of—the whole story, in short."

"Well, fire away—unless, by the way, I am not to hear it," returned Eversleigh with another swift and keenly observant glance.

"Oh! you shall hear all there is to tell. Of course you know all about the great competition?"

"Certainly; though I don't quite see—"

"Possibly not, but you will when you hear that I am sending in."

Eversleigh's face changed a little, in spite of himself, as he answered.

"What, you, a landscape man, go in for——"

"Oh, I knew what you would say, but I—I—call me a fool if you will; it was borne in upon me that—in short, I had what I thought was an inspiration by way of an idea."

"But the subject, for you, don't you think, is insuperably difficult? You know I always advised you to——"

"Stick to what you thought my line. I know, and possibly I should have done so but for——"

He hesitated, while his friend interposed anxiously, but with an encouraging smile:

"Well?"

"But for my idea. Say that I was infatuated, possessed, or what you will."

"I can't say that until I have seen the idea."

"But I mean thoroughly possessed with the subject and the desire to work it out."

"Oh, there is no particular harm in that, always providing——"

"It is no use, Eversleigh, I may have been a fool. I hardly know yet; but I have staked all upon this one throw—have given up everything else for it—all my commissions and my other work. Not only that, Mabel agreed to sit for the principal figure, and I think that her doing so inspired me; while work—oh, how I have worked, and despondency I have endured! As an artist, you may have some idea, and, anyhow, you are the only one I can tell, except—yes, of course—except Farrell."

"Farrell; what of him? I always did detest that man." This came quickly. "And——"

"That is because you do not know him," objected the other.

"Say rather because I do. But what of him? What could he have to say or do in the affair? I thought——"

"That we were rivals. So we were, until he showed himself my friend. I don't know why we should have both so misjudged him; but from the very hour that Mabel assured him he had no chance, he changed, and although he has never made any open professions of goodwill, I suppose he yielded to the inevitable, for he gave up all that sneering way he had, and he has stood by and encouraged me when all the others fell away. In fact, but for him, I never should have gone in, much less stuck to it, as I have done."

"And the others fell away. What, Darcy and Redmond, and——"

"All of them, to a man. Of late they have left me altogether alone."

"And for what reason?"

"None that I have ever heard. Farrell says they must be jealous, but that you know I can't believe. It is making too much of one's self altogether to think that."

"No, I would not even think it without ——" Eversleigh stopped awkwardly. "And so Farrell thinks your idea good, eh?" he enquired next.

"He has nothing but praise for it. It is both striking and original. I am quoting his own words, and——"

"He should know, if any one does. He will never paint anything worth talking about, because he won't work; but to give him his due, he is a fair critic—though how on earth——"

"You may well be surprised. I wonder at myself sometimes."

"My dear fellow, it is not your talent, or invention, that I doubt, but merely your technical skill. Suppose you show me this masterpiece of yours," and he laid his hand on the curtain which was drawn jealously before the easel.

"Not yet—not just yet, Eversleigh. You see, Mabel is coming this afternoon, and I—the fact is, she must be the first to see it."

"Except Farrell," interposed his friend with a very pardonable heat, a natural jealousy that was quickly lost in sincere pity as he noticed his friend's wasted features and nervous, unsteady eye. "So then," he asked, "Mabel has not yet seen it?"

"Not yet. To-day it is to be shown to her for the first time."

"And what else have you been doing?"

"I told you I gave you up everything for this."

"But your commissions, what of them? Surely—was that wise?"

"I cannot tell. Looking back, I have my doubts. Truly, Eversleigh, for the last twelve months I seem to have been in one long troubled dream. I only hope I shall not wake to find——" he broke off with a sudden gasp and an involuntary shudder.

"Well, well, we must hope for the best—though I wish I had been here," Eversleigh murmured to himself, "before he wasted a twelvemonth of valuable time, just, too, at the outset of his career, when he was doing so well and getting known. Unless, indeed, he is right after all, and the love fever has brought him the touch of genius that makes up for the rest. One has heard of such things, whether fever, or madness—and he is feverish enough, goodness knows! The wonder is he has not broken down long ago. You had better lie down and have a sleep as you agreed," he went on aloud; "I have one or two calls to make, and will come back in a couple of hours and see both the picture and its fair inspirer."

"All right, do so, for I really am tired; I hardly know what has come over me of late. Such a strange languor, and—but I will have a dose of chloral, as Farrell suggested."

"Oh! Farrell suggested that too, did he?" murmured Eversleigh, then aloud: "Look here, Merivale, you take my advice. You lie down and rest, and sleep if you can, but without any of those infernal brain-disturbing drugs, I——"

"There, there, don't excite yourself. It's quite harmless, I assure you. I could not have kept up without; but there, since you make a point of it, I will try to do without. I shall be all the fresher to meet Mabel if only I can sleep."

They parted, Merivale to go to bed, where, after tossing about for a while, he sank into a heavy slumber; and Eversleigh, full of anxiety for his friend, to walk about and think matters over.

Two hours later he returned to the studio in a more hopeful state of mind. True, Merivale was worn out and unnaturally excited, but overwork would account for that; while, as for his own doubts, he found they rested for the most part on his dislike and distrust of Farrell, and his disbelief in the goodness and singleness of his motives. What they could be he was unable to fathom, but certainly it was a sudden and, for him, most marvellous change from unsuccessful rival to confidential friend and adviser, and the situation, required an unsuspicious mind such as Merivale's entirely to accept.

Still, Merivale had had opportunities of judging that he, Eversleigh, had not, and he must hope for the best.

And full of curiosity he brushed past a lady, who, with bent head and down-dropped veil, hurried by him as he neared the door.

"Miss Earnshaw, I wanted so much to——" he began; but she was gone, and either had not heard or would not hear him, and there was nothing for it but to ring the bell.

Some little time elapsed before it was answered, and when he was shown into the studio he was alarmed more even than before by Merivale's wild and distracted air. He was standing reading a note, and his staring eyes and white face spoke of some terribly strong emotion.

"Oh, thank Heaven you are here, to tell me whether I am awake and sane or still dreaming," he exclaimed violently, then sank into a chair as he went on. "Oh, I have had the most horrible dream, and a still more horrible awakening. What can it all mean? It is cruel, heartless, to leave me without a word of explanation, nothing but this," and he dashed the note he was still holding down. "Yes, read it, by all means, for I can make nothing of it."

And thus bidden Eversleigh read—only a very few words, but they left him more troubled than ever. This is what he read:

"If that is how I look in your eyes, the less we see of each other for the future the better."

That was all; no signature, no regrets, no farewell. But, of course, it was from Mabel; he recognized the hand, and puzzled as he was, he was about to test his first idea when his friend's voice arrested him.

"No, not yet," he urged hoarsely; "don't go to it—yet. Wait, wait while I tell you my dream. Instead of the bright creation of my fancy that for months past has gladdened my eyes and grown underneath my hand, I dreamt I stood before the picture and saw——" a groan broke from him, and he shook as with an ague, while he tried vainly to go on. "Oh, I can see it still. It is here—here!" he repeated wildly, as he struck his forehead violently with his open hand. "A painted, grinning horror, with eyes—oh, Heaven, what eyes! And this was the thing I had loved and had bound myself to for life. And, at the sight, all my love was lost in loathing, and, in the awfulness of the reaction, I awoke—woke to find—this;" and he struck the open note with his foot where it lay. "And, oh, the nightmare horror of it! I could see the likeness through it all, as though Mabel, transformed into a veritable fiend, were mocking me. And now, Frank, look—look at what I have done yourself. I dare not trust my eyes, not though they were to show me Mabel's very self, while to face that jeering mockery again, I think, would shrivel up my brain."

Eversleigh hesitated for a moment; but what could he say? So, going to the cur-

tain, he drew it quietly aside to straightway stand amazed.

For at the first glance he saw that something was seriously wrong. Whether brain, or eyes, or touch, had been affected by the excitement and the long-continued strain, was not to be decided off-hand, but he realized, as with a lightning flash, the full refinement and ingenuity of Farrell's cruel scheme, and how he had turned the very truth itself to his own unworthy ends. For, stripped of its surface faults—and he, an artist, could see the true grandeur and originality of the friend's conception—it was, indeed, as Farrell had said, striking, daring and original. Oh! what could he not have made of it himself! came the involuntary thought; while with it came also the full perception of where the picture failed—though failed was hardly the word, for the whole work, if it was so utterly wrong in color and, above all, in expression, that the thing stood forth more as a mere theatrical caricature than a serious work of art. And there, as he felt, would be the sting. It could not well be overlooked, or fail of making a sensation, if only from its frightfully ingenuous perversion.

For a moment he was in doubt. Could Merivale have meant it as an ill-timed jest, an attempt to turn the whole affair into ridicule? But no, he had only to remember the very real trouble of his friend's looks and words to dismiss that idea at once, and wonder what on earth he was to say. To tell him the truth, or, at any rate, the whole of it, in his present critical state, would, to say the least, be assuming a very serious responsibility; while to appear to side with Farrell and deceive the unfortunate painter still, for a time might in the end prove still more disastrous. There was no help for it. He must temporize, at all hazards.

"Well," enquired the artist anxiously, "What is it like?"

"My dear fellow, I see clearly now it is. You have run the thing too long. You have strained both eyes and brain until now you cannot look at your own work without—fancying—distortion. Take my advice, and rest. Rest and change, fresh air and exercise, are what you need and must have, unless you want to end your days at Colney Hatch. Try my remedy; turn it all away, say for a week, and then if you like to come to it again, why, I for one will not prevent you. Come, what do you say?"

But the time, Eversleigh, the time. How can I afford the time? You see the sacrifices I have made, and how everything—especially my money—has gone after these studies and, what is more—depends upon my making a remarkable sale while now I am in the position to Mabel, when I have nothing else—not everything—going wrong at once!"

Whereupon the unfortunate artist groaned and turned away that Eversleigh might not see his face. And such was the latter's

Mabel, meanwhile, had left the room in ignorance of her lover's state, but in fully as silent, though not as [illegible]

Shown into the studio when she arrived, and left to herself, being duly announced on that day to satisfy her curiosity, she had taken the opportunity to have a "quiet peep" at the expected masterpiece, and could scarcely credit the evidence of her own eyes. Still, there it was—a loud, staring, over-colored, fatuously smiling horror—her lover's version of herself and as such set in the [illegible] it was too dreadful to contemplate calmly! While as to seeing him, the perpetrator of this outrage, this deliberately planned and carefully executed insult, which was so motiveless, unless it were intended to bring her up to the ridicule of all her friends—why, she felt she could never care to see him again. And, full of righteous wrath, she had written her farewell note, and left the studio fully intending never to return.

It so happened, however, that Farrell, bent on mischief, was on the watch for her appearance. Not so easily avoided as Eversleigh, he ignored her too evident annoyance, and persisted in making her way at last.

"Is anything the matter, Miss Earnshaw? You seem annoyed," he asked.

"If I said I am annoyed, and with you, Mr. Farrell, would it make any difference—to you, I mean?" she rejoined with marked displeasure, for her previous hint had been unmistakably disregarded.

"Annoyed, and with me?" he repeated, somewhat startled in his turn; for that she should so promptly have found out his share in the transaction was hardly what he had expected.

"Yes, can you not see that I wish to be alone?" she returned coldly.

"Oh! yes, that is all right," he assented easily, for now he knew on what ground he stood; while she, thoroughly provoked, looked at him in undisguised astonishment.

"Then do you no longer pretend to be a gentleman?" she flashed back with a cutting contempt that made him wince in spite of his secret consciousness of the full success of his revenge.

"Ah! you are annoyed; but not, I think, with me." And, mistakenly, he went on to take advantage of what he thought the opening. "You have seen Merivale's masterpiece at last; what do you think of it?"

"What I think cannot possibly concern—you," she replied coldly. "And if you will allow me, I will get into a cab."

"I should have thought——" then growing desperate as she deliberately turned her back; "Can't you see," he added, "that he is going mad?" thereby throwing a new light upon the subject, and startling her very much indeed.

"Mad?" she echoed, for the suggestion, dreadful though it was, accounted for so many things.

"Why, would any sane man have so perverted—that?"

They were standing opposite a shop window, and he pointed to where a mirror gave back Mabel's full length reflection in striking contrast to the counterfeit presentment she had just left.

Evidently she was moved by the suggestion, thought he, though he had not meant to say anything so near the truth; however, he must follow it up.

"Either that or he drinks, or takes some drug. What it is I can't quite make out, but nothing short of that would explain—"

But he had lost his head and gone too far. Mabel heard the lurking malice latent in his tone. She remembered what had passed and all that Merivale had told her of the supposed advice and encouragement given him by his friend, and with a woman's ready intuition she felt there was something wrong, and that the man before her was in some unexplained way the cause. So, without a word, she stepped into the waiting cab—to bid the man drive her back to the studio as soon as they were fairly out of sight.

And fortunate it was for her and her lover to it that she did so.

When she arrived the doctor had put Merivale to bed, where, with head shaved and plenty of ice he hoped to stave off the threatened brain fever. He must be kept quiet and see no one, nor be disturbed for any consideration whatsoever.

Such was Eversleigh's news when they met in the deserted studio, where all uncovered and unregarded stood the fatal masterpiece, the cause of all their present woes. Eversleigh, having finished his explanation, caught sight of it presently, and wishing to spare Mabel the sight, went once more to draw the curtain.

"No, let me look at it again," she urged. "I can bear it now that I know he is not in any way to blame." Then, as she began to piece the threads together, she exclaimed: "Oh, what an infamous plot! It is all his doing."

"You mean Farrell's? Yes, I have come to the same conclusion. Seeing the pitiable state to which overwork and anxiety had reduced him, he has worked upon Merivale and spurred him on by his artful suggestions until—this is the result. A noble idea spoiled."

"A noble idea! Why, do you mean that it is good?" cried Mabel in amazement; for she had not seen below the surface even yet.

"It is a magnificent subject, and if it were properly treated—— Oh, that I had had the chance to paint it!"

"Then why not do it?" And Mabel spoke as one inspired, her ignorance of petty details giving her the necessary courage; and as the artist looked back at her in surprise: "George is not to blame: you see that, now, do you not? He is a victim to over anxiety and—his friend. I don't know how you feel, but I would do anything to see the schemer foiled. What do you say? Suppose I sit again and——"

"By Jove! Miss Earnshaw, you have hit on a really great idea. I must confess I never dreamt of that. There is nothing I should like better; here is all the material ready to our hands. If you will give the time, a very little trouble would effect a revolution; and I should dearly like to turn the laugh against that scoundrel Farrell. What do you say, then? If you are ready, so am I."

And straightway was the bargain struck, and while Merivale, carefully nursed, lay ill in bed, under the skilful touches of his friend his picture was rapidly transformed into all he had ever dreamed of it, and more. And it was one of the finest sights they had ever enjoyed, when Eversleigh and Mabel together confronted the arch plotter Farrell and saw his discomfiture before the winner of the Great National Competition. While for the poor victim, no sooner was he able to hear that and the other good news—that their estrangement had been all a mistake—from Mabel, than he quickly got well enough to hear the rest and learn how it had all been brought about.

A YOUNG widow was asked why she was going to wed so soon after the death of her first husband. "Oh, la!" said she. "I do it to prevent fretting myself to death on account of dear Tom."

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Our Young Folks.

VIKING'S DEED.

BY A. T. S

NOW and again the world rings with the story of a man who has "laid down his life for a friend," and we cry, "What love! what self-sacrifice!" But I think it touches the heart as much to find the same heroism in the heart of a poor dumb creature, who by such an act alone can express the pathos and power of its love.

There lives a great lion-tamer who owes his life to his dog's devotion. He had two Great Danes, whom he had reared from puppyhood, and who were always his companions. Whether the same brave heart beat in each, I know not; it is of one only I have to tell.

Balder and Viking were their names. They were magnificent animals, so strong and grand in build that they attracted as much attention and admiration as any of the wild creatures of the menagerie which they, with their master, accompanied.

These two did their share in the trained acts of the performances. When these were over, the huge beasts whom he had tamed into subjection were let loose in the caged arena, and he put them through all sorts of astounding feats, so reckless in daring that the audience plainly trembled as it marvelled and cheered. But the lion-tamer always kept one of his Great Danes in the arena with him, sure that his dog would help in case of accident. You will see that his trust was well placed.

It gave him a feeling of rest, the presence of this friend, when surrounded by the half-tamed savage beasts, inwardly raging all the time against the obedience he enforced on them. There was always a word and a pat for his dog ere the performance commenced, and the dog's eyes would follow him, watching each movement, and ready to spring to him at a look.

So far the slightest accident had never occurred. To presence of mind and dauntless courage the lion-tamer owed much, and he never vexed the animals by unnecessary threatenings and display of power. With all his firmness, he had a kind, even a tender heart, and by some means they knew it, and therefore obeyed him the more readily; nay, there was a faint suspicion of liking at times in the amber eyes of all shades which turned on him as he gathered his wild band together.

The lion-tamer's wife was very proud of him, and pretended not to be the least afraid of the nightly risks he ran. To prove this, she went constantly to the performances. No one could guess how her heart beat—no one saw how she flushed and paled—or she thought so; but perhaps her husband guessed; he was always so gentle when it was over, and he and his brave dogs wended their way home with her. He was a very Hercules among men, with the calm, restful manner which often goes with the knowledge of great strength, whether of mind or body.

The menagerie had traveled in many lands, the fame of the lion-tamer growing greater and greater, till it arrived at last on American soil. There it met with an enthusiastic reception, due greatly to the performance of the lion-tamer, which took the fancy of the public at once. He was carried away himself by the enthusiasm; a fever of daring took possession of him; he seemed only to live in the excitement of the arena, with his strange comrades around him, their hot breath fanning his cheek, their fiery eyes regarding him grimly. In vain his wife pleaded with him to be more careful; he had abandoned himself entirely to the joy of his triumph over the beasts of the desert—creatures which could rend him to atoms if for one moment he lost control over them. But so far his perfect command of them was marvellous.

He liked the lions best, with all their strength and ferocity; there were not the same suggestions of treachery that lurked in the graceful, yielding gestures of others of the cat tribe, who seemed docile enough. The tiger's eye would dilate sometimes, as though the impulse to turn and rend him were strong; the panther would bound from its cage into the arena, as though seeking whom it might devour; there was hatred in the low, savage growl of the hyæna, yet all would sink subdued and circle submissively round the tall figure, standing immovable as a pillar in the great arena. For any sign of fear he showed, he might have borne a charmed life, as many came to believe that he did. And always that shadow crouched in the corner—one or the other of the Great Danes kept watch and ward.

There came a hot evening in July; the air seemed charged with thunder. But the spectators might have been counted by thousands, the seats were packed, a sea of faces was directed to the arena.

At first the animals seemed languid, but gradually they warmed to their performance, and went through it without giving any trouble. The velvet head of the leopard crouched for her master's approval, and the fierce Bengal tiger obeyed his voice.

But there was a sullen air about one of the lions, named Pasha, a big tawny beast, the largest and strongest of them all. The lion-tamer's wife held her breath with fear more than once, but still the power of the man conquered and there was no open act of rebellion.

The last, the crowning scene, approached: one devised by the lion-tamer himself as the grand sensational finish. Harnessing three big lions to a red chariot, he proceeded to tear round the arena three or four times, previous to whisking off, and so ending the performance.

Storms of applause accompanied him; truly it was marvellous; the red chariot flashing by with its terrible steeds, the strong, steady figure standing bolt upright, in spite of the furious speed, one hand holding the reins, the other the uplifted whip.

Suddenly Pasha's temper failed; he had brought another round of the arena on himself by his sullen behavior, and he resented it. Without warning, he broke loose from the chariot, and stood lashing his tail, and showing every sign of being in a dangerous mood.

Without a second's delay, the lion-tamer leaped from the chariot, and fixing his eyes sternly on Pasha, ordered him back to his place. He seemed about to obey, cowed by his master's eye. He took a step towards the chariot, then turned, and sprang on him with a savage roar.

Quick as lightning the trainer leaped aside; just in time—the lion only ripped his coat. But his blood was up; with another low roar of fury, he prepared to spring again.

Shrieks rent the air; a second more, and the tamer must be torn in pieces; there seemed no chance of escape.

But Viking had seen all. Even as the lion poised himself for the spring, he had leaped forward, caught him by the throat, and checked it. And there he hung for a few seconds, while the lion roared with rage, struggling to throw him off, and blind with fury at such a foe. Well did poor Viking know what he risked in the attempt, and nobly was he ready to give his own life to save his master's. With wonderful firmness he held on, but all his pluck and strength could not avert the doom which a moment or two more must bring. Still, those moments gave his master time to escape.

The crowd cheered wildly, urging him to fly; his wife sprang to the iron caging, imploring him to leave the arena. But the flash of his eye and the quiver of his nostrils showed other thought than that of securing his safety. What! desert his faithful friend, leave to a cruel death the noble dog who had risked his life to save him? Never!

Near the entrance of the arena lay a stout cudgel, which he secured, not a moment too soon. For the enraged lion had at last shaken off the dog; but ere he could seize him, a blow descended on Pasha's nose with terrific force, and the first was followed by a perfect storm of them, so surely aimed and swiftly dealt that in a few moments the huge beast lay at his feet, thoroughly cowed. Then he, with the other lions who had remained passive, perhaps from the suddenness of the attack, were driven by the lion-tamer to their dens; and he and his dog remained unhurt and victorious.

Cheer after cheer went up—the crowd were mad with delight and excitement as the lion-king, leading his brave dog, advanced to the middle of the arena, where he stood for a minute or so caressing it, and bowing to the audience. The people could hardly let them go; and when at last they disappeared together, a kind of deep gasp or sigh relieved the tension of the last few moments, passing over the mighty crowd, like the breeze which rustles the leaves of a forest.

HOT BOX.—Those who have traveled much by rail are more or less acquainted with the hot box. A *hot box*, as it is commonly called, really means a hot journal, or both. It arises sometimes from the use of poor material in the bearing, sometimes on account of imperfect casting, and sometimes from too great weight upon the bearing—producing friction and heat.

There are now fewer hot boxes than formerly. Some of the heaviest cars are now carried upon six-wheeled trucks, thus distributing the weight of each end of the car upon six journal bearings instead of four, and reducing the danger of excessive friction. Better material is used and the workmanship upon them is better, weights to be carried are calculated more nicely, and greater care is exercised in operation, so that the hot box is not what it once was. A man thoroughly familiar with railroading, who made, not long ago, trip of 10,000 miles, which included points as far apart as the City of Mexico, San Francisco and Chicago, said he did not encounter a hot box until he was within twenty miles of New York, on his return.

"HAVE you heard of the latest invention in clocks?" she asked sweetly. "No," replied Mr. Slogo. "It is very ingenious. It has a phonograph attachment which calls off the hours." "Wonderfully clever!" "Yes; and at a quarter of 11 it says 'good night.'" He glanced at his watch, which told of half-past 10, and in a few moments had fled into the darkness.

THERE are 7747 miles of rivers and canals open to navigation in France.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The farmer in Japan who has ten acres of land is assessed upon as a moneyed

An exhaustive history of Socialism, to be issued in eighty parts, is coming out in Stuttgart

A Hartford man has invented a new electric motor, which he claims will run over 100 miles an hour.

The opal is the only gem which cannot be counterfeited. Its delicate tints cannot be reproduced.

The origin of the letters "lb." generally used as an abbreviation of pound is the Latin word libra, a pound.

Japanese candy is mostly made of rice flour, with a small admixture of sugar, and tastes rather insipid to the average palate.

The first mention of the pipe organ in history is in connection with Solomon's temple, where there was an organ with ten pipes.

The cherry blossom, instead of the chrysanthemum, is the favorite flower of Japan. In its season ceremonies in its praise are held.

Performances at theatres of ancient Greece sometimes lasted twelve hours, twelve o'clock in the morning was the time for the raising of the curtain, as a rule.

The letters in the various alphabets of the world vary from 12 to 36 in number. The Sandwich Islanders' alphabet has the first-named number, the Tartarian the last.

Among the many decorations worn by the Queen of Portugal is a medal, which was conferred on her several years ago, when she threw herself into the Tagus to save her children.

In consequence of the increased employment of Turkish ladies as schoolmistresses in girls' schools, the Porte has decreed the formation of a normal school for girls in the metropolis in Turkey.

A silken prayer-book is a costly novelty of the age. The prayers are not printed on the silk, but are woven. This dainty article has been woven at Lyons, and the completion of it took three years.

Plants breathe through the "stomata," or breathing pores in the leaves. In case the plant or tree is of the leafless variety, the stem, which is also provided with stomata, performs the office of breathing.

During the reign of Henry VIII. 71,400 persons were legally executed in England, the larger portion of whom were guilty of no offense worse than misdemeanor. In one year 300 starving beggars were hanged for asking alms.

The Jerusalem artichoke has nothing to do with Jerusalem. It belongs to the sunflower, and girasole, one of the scientific names of that genus of plants, furnished the name, which has been corrupted into Jerusalem.

At a recent Congress in India, where nine languages were spoken by delegates, the discussions were carried on in English. A proposition has been brought forward lately to make English the missionary language of the world.

Twenty small statues were recently stolen from the front of the Rouen Cathedral and offered for sale to a sculptor in that city. It was only when he undertook to find out where they came from that they were missed from their places.

Thieves in New York are no respecters of charities, for recently seventeen of the red tin collection boxes of the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association were stolen from the elevated railroad stations by a man who claimed to have authority to take them away.

Theatregoers at Carthage, Mo., are preparing a bill which they will ask the Legislature to pass, making it a misdemeanor for ladies in the theatre to wear high hats which obliterate the view of the stage from one or more persons. The bill is being prepared in good faith and its passage is demanded.

Following a Conjurer.

BY C. S.

AFTER returning from a tour abroad, many pleasant recollections are recalled by coming in contact with persons whom we met in other countries during our travels. To relate an instance, intelligently, in which the memories of an evening spent at the Cocherie Theatre, in Paris, dawn upon me, may require a detailed explanation: during my eight months' stay in Paris it was customary to attend a theatre at least once in a week, when a box party was arranged, composed of from six to eight ladies and gentlemen, who invariably selected an opera or comedy; but as this sort of entertainment was evidently becoming monotonous to most of the members of our "set," and especially to me, I ventured to suggest to spend an evening at the "Cocherie" for a change. My suggestion was eagerly accepted by all. On the following evening several coupes landed us at the theatre.

On this occasion the sole entertainer was a conjurer named Jacques, who produced the most wonderful results from practically nothing. Among the wonderful feats, I may mention that of making a young man, selected from the audience, vanish by simply shaking a cloth over him for a moment; he soon after appeared at the other end of the theatre, none the worse for his experience.

Now, as the excitement was at its height, the professor requested a man from the audience to assist him. Being the one in our party who suggested this entertainment I was urged to comply with the request. I leisurely walked on the stage, was politely invited to take a seat, also a drink which I gracefully accepted. As I was asked my choice of drinks, I modestly asked for water, which was poured from a bottle. The magician then went though the aisles and asked different persons what they wished to drink, and nearly every one wanted something different, all of which were poured from the same bottle. I was now asked to hold the professor's left hand in my right hand, and place my left arm over his shoulder; the lights were extinguished for a moment, then restored, and to my disappointment I was standing in a most compromising position, with a miserably wretched old woman. Somewhat embarrassed, I returned to my friends, only to inform them that I could not see how it was possible for Jacques to deceive me.

My return to America followed one year later when I made my permanent home in San Francisco. Walking along in the northeastern part of the city with a friend I noticed a large poster announcing a magical performance by a French conjurer, "Jacques." Here was an opportunity, perhaps, of seeing a person who had performed on the other side of the Atlantic, and now since he is in my native city, why not try to unfathom some of his wondrous work? My friend, who became quite interested in my tale of the mysteries performed by this conjurer, decided to accompany me to the performance that night. The hall was crowded to the doors. While part of the exhibition was a repetition to me, there were some additions of the most startling kind, actually defying the laws of nature. Tables and chairs were raised by simply touching them, water was changed to wine and vice versa, rabbits were taken from a boy's mouth, paper was set afire by a wave of the wand. But these wonders apparently produced the greatest alarm in the minds of some of the audience, as it was whispered that this magician had superhuman power or some connection with the evil spirit. An unfortunate occurrence took place here when he announced that he desired someone to come on the stage and render some assistance. After a little urging a young man about 19 years of age offered his services. Everything went on well till he was placed in position ready to vanish, when suddenly a commotion arose in the audience. A number of persons got into the greatest uproar, threatening to stop the performance.

An old German lady, evidently the boy's mother, rushed on the stage and threatened to cause trouble if the boy was not immediately dismissed from the stage, as she would not have his future luck spoiled by giving his soul to the evil one. But the magician, showing no embarrassment, quietly changed his programme, and used both mother and son for his subjects. Plunging his hand in the old lady's pocket he drew from it a goose, then a number of eggs, several yards of ribbon from her ear before she had time to leave the stage—the son standing in open-mouth wonder, rooted to the spot. As the mother called her son, amid shouts of laughter in the audience, she turned to see the professor taking handfuls of money from the boy's hair, eggs and billiard balls from his mouth, and at last pumped a gallon of water out of his sleeve. This performance, which had almost reached a crisis in which the conjurer's life seemed in imminent danger, was cleverly turned into the most fun-provoking kind, to the great satisfaction of the superstitious people of the audience.

My friend was about as deeply impressed with these feats as I, but attributed the whole thing to prearranged mechanical devices and consulted me in regards to engaging this conjurer, if possible, to give an entertainment at a lawn party, and as I had charge of making arrangements for the convenience and entertainment of the invited guests I decided to select certain feats which I desired should be performed on this occasion. On the appointed day our entertainer appeared at the house of my friend and was shown the place designated for the performance, which was in the open air on the lawn. Everything was in readiness in a short time, when the first surprise was the appearance of two beautiful rose bushes in full bloom growing out of the ground where nothing was a moment before.

Flowers, handkerchiefs, etc., were apparently produced from nothing. Live birds were taken from ladies' hats, snakes and reptiles were on friendly terms with the professor as he drew them from the ear of the host. The conjurer then announced that he would follow the boy, by making himself vanish. He then asked all the ladies and gentlemen who wished to form a circle, with him in the centre. As some skeptical persons were present they decided to hold each other by the hand so that this wonder worker should not deceive them by breaking through their line. A bag was now placed over our magician by one of the gentlemen present. After a slight struggle within the bag, it suddenly collapsed, and lay in a heap on the grass covered ground, "Where has he gone?" was the question now. Several person looked behind trees, one even ventured to pick the lock on the conjurer's trunk, in search of him, when he was suddenly interrupted by a tap on the shoulder and politely requested to seek no further, for he was the object of his search. The question was suddenly reversed now, "Where did he come from?"

This almost incredible feat seemed to almost dumfound the guests. Many magicians have exhibited here since, and while all were most interesting I longed to see Jacques, who has probably returned to his native country as I have never heard of him since that eventful day.

GONE, BUT NOT LOST.

BY M. E. K.

A fair, sweet girl, with sunny hair,
And eyes of tender blue—
She came, and blessed the world awhile,
Then left it with a happy smile,
As early violets do.

She was an only child, and blest
With many a maiden grace—
A gentle heart for others' need,
As one might know who did but read
The sunshine in her face.

Now 'neath sweet woodlawn's sylvan shade—
A silent, holy spot—
She sleeps in peace, while every bloom
That softly nods above her tomb
Whispers "Forget me not!"

Ah! many a home in our fair land,
Like hers, has been bereft
Of its one flower so fair and bright,
Transplanted to a world of light,
With but the memory left.

OF PEN MISTAKES.

SLIPSHOD writing oftentimes makes very funny reading. Assuredly it is amusing to read one morning that an opera by Signor Riaci, "the son and nephew of the composer of that name," had been well received at Vienna; nor can he be held responsible for the information that a town in America rejoices in a society "for the prevention of cruelty to animals with upward of a hundred dollars in bank," and that a certain event occurred on the night of the 25th of May, about two o'clock in the morning.

It may be taken for granted that the rising School of Art is in the ascendant; it is easy to believe in an overcome toper being found "with a pint-pot in his hand, which he could not drink;" but some of the statements made in the newspapers tax one's credulity overmuch. Lenient as magistrates are toward feminine offenders, they would scarcely content themselves with fining a virago for "breaking her mother-in-law's arm by weekly installments." And clever as French doctors may be, they are not so clever as a Paris correspondent makes out, when, relating the discovery of a murder in that city, he tells us that "the only portion of the body not entirely destroyed was the left foot, and a medical examination of the remains proved that the man had been killed by blows on the head."

Shakespeare was wrong in supposing there was any bourne from which no traveler could return. Glorifying the doings of Nares' band of arctic explorers, a leader writer said, "From the leader of the expedition, who occupied the crow's-nest until he was overcome by exhaustion, to the humblest seaman who died from fatigue and cold, all have earned the rewards of heroes, and have come back laden with stores of knowledge." An unlucky workman overbalancing himself, and tumbling from his airy perch into the street, we read, "The deceased was seen to pitch head-foremost from the scaffold, and little hopes are entertained of his recovery." Perhaps the deceased might have got over it, had this doctor been as devoted as the gentleman called in to do his best for a poor hurt lad, who "was in frequent attendance upon him after the inquest." Not, it may be hoped, from the remorseful feeling actuating his professional brother into writing "This is to certify that I attended Mrs. S. during her last illness, and that she died in consequence thereof."

Reporting the death of a cricketer from taking carbolic acid in mistake for black draught, an Irish newspaper said, "The shop-man filled the draught bottle out of a carbolic acid jar, instead of that marked 'Senna Mixture,' though his orders were never to do so unless under supervision." Anticipating the death of a whale exhibited at the inaptly named Royal Aquarium at Westminster, a London paper observed, "It will make excellent porpoise-skin shoes."

The London shop-keeper's "Boots sold and healed while you wait" is not so likely to attract customers as the more pronounced orthographical eccentricities of the Gloucestershire gardener, having "sallery plants for zale," and ready to supply all comers with kalleflour, brokaler, weenter greens, raggit jak, rottigura cale, and sprouiting brokla. But it would be hard to resist the temptation of assisting at a dramatic entertainment lightened by the musical performances of "a band of amateur gentlemen," and still harder to refuse to take a ticket for a cricket match, knowing "the entire proceeds are for the benefit of the late Isaac Johnson, who is totally unprovided for;" but the loyal natives of the Principality were not to be persuaded into joining a proposed Welsh Land League by the suggestion that they might "send in their names annoymousiy."

When the inhabitants of a French town complained of being disturbed by the explosion of shells, the discharge of cannon, and the rattle of small-arms at a mimic presentment of the bombardment of Plevna, the authorities sent a written notice to those concerned, informing them that for the future Plevna must be bombarded at the point of the bayonet. The guardians of public property at Concord, Massachusetts, posted up placards offering a reward for the apprehension and conviction of person guilty of "girdling" the trees in the school-house yard, and promising the payment of a suitable reward "for anything of the kind that may hereafter be done to any of the trees in the streets."

Of course they no more meant what they said than did the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland when, in a report signed by four professors, they stated that the female teachers "were instructed in plain cooking, had, in fact, to go through the process of cooking themselves in their turn"—a specimen of official English upon a par with the inscription telling visitors to Kew, "This Gallery, containing studies from Nature, painted by her in various lands, was given in 1882 to these Gardens by Marianne Hope." A scientific writer asks us to believe that on placing a decapitated frog at the bottom of a vessel filled with water, the animal rises to the surface, and keeps itself there, with its head in the air; or if the frog be placed in the same vessel, under an inverted glass, filled with water, it behaves in the same manner.

IN SOCIETY.—To those who get at all behind the scenes of society, and know something of the falsities and intrigues with which it is riddled, the feeling of unrest becomes terribly oppressive. Life is as an ever-changing phantasmagoria, where the one individual assumes half-a-dozen forms and bewilders you by the perpetual changes included.

And then the distractions of society, under the head of entertainment! The dinners and at-homes—the crowded evenings and the feverish afternoons—the heavy luncheons, the deadly suppers, the bad air we breathe and the distracting noise we have to listen to in that mingling of music and voices, songs and chatter! Of a truth that genial cynic was right who said that life would be tolerable but for its pleasures; for the pleasures of the Season soon become torments, and galling is the whip of scorpions wherewith we are chastised. And when we add to all this the need of doing an appointed bit of work, we pile Pelion upon Ossa and lose our heads and go near to lose our lives in the process.

Then we shake the dust of the city from off our feet and go down into the quiet solitudes of the country for repose after the riot. The strained nerves come back to quietude. The exhausted system is replenished with healthy blood, and all those mysterious pains and aches, and that yet more mysterious depression of spirits, fade gradually away like spectres at cockcrow, after a few weeks or even days of quiet, healthy, simple living. For the heated atmosphere of crowded rooms we have the fresh breezes from the sea, the aromatic airs from the pinewoods, and the fir trees. For the noise of crowds, and the ceaseless hurry of the streets, we hear the soothing ripple of the gentle waves, or the tender stillness of the drowsy noontide, when only the grasshopper sings to his mate. The chirping of the young birds on the lawn is the sole break in the silence.

No chlorals, no bromides, equal the soothing influence of such hours! To lie on the grass under the shadow of the hornbeam, thinking of nothing, scarce feeling, hardly conscious of the world outside, the big dog half asleep by your side, all the activities of life dulled and distant and out of your immediate range—these tranquil hours heal you as nothing else can; and the touch of Mother Earth works again the old-time miracle. By the time your visit is ended your health has returned; perhaps, too, some of your lost illusions have reappeared, and the broken rainbow has replaced itself.

All men are not dishonest, as in your bitterness and haste you were prone to believe. There are true and tender women still to be found, faithful to their duties and loyal to their word; and the world is not given up to chicanery and deception. Then you go back to the turmoil you had left, refreshed and better able to bear the burden which with our own hands we overweight our own shoulders.

ROCKED TO SLEEP.—Writing of the habits of the fur-seal, a naturalist tells how luxurious these creatures take their naps in the billows of the sea. The thick layer of blubber and the coats of soft fur in which these seals are enveloped enable them to sleep with comfort on the hard ledges of the shore, and it makes them seem all the greater favorites of Nature that she takes them to her bosom in the yielding waves of the sea.

As they rest in the water, they seem to sleep as sound and as comfortable, bedded on the waves or rolled by the swell, as they do on the land.

They lie on their backs, fold the fore-flippers down across the chest, and turn the hind ones up and over, so that the tips rest on their necks and chins, thus exposing only the nose and the heels of the hind flippers above water, nothing else being seen.

In this position, unless it happens to be very rough, the seal goes to sleep as did the subject of that memorable song, who was "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

MRS. SNIPEWELL—Why, Bridget, you have been eating onions! Bridget—Sure, mum, you're a mound reader.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Some bright touches are now being made in the dark winter styles of dresses. Firstly come the pretty, warm-hued velvet blouses, of a different color from the skirts, amethyst, moss-green, and black being particularly popular, made without any basque—as all bodices and blouses are now worn inside the skirt—with very large sleeves, and trimmed with creamy guipure, usually in deep, narrow Vandykes from the throat downwards. Sometimes narrow bands of fur at the throat and wrist replace the guipure, and for smart occasions ermine is used. A bunch of real violets or roses usually fastens these bands, placed towards the right ear. A pretty toilette, consisting of a gray skirt, an amethyst velvet blouse with straps of cream guipure, a sable throatlet with a bunch of real flowers in the animal's mouth, and a large hat of black felt with several black feathers, was much noticed at a recent entertainment. The large veil on the hat had two runners of narrow black ribbon, giving the appearance of a bag. All veils worn with large hats are arranged thus, causing them to sit well on the brim. Many of the pretty jabots of cream lace have a narrow band of ermine run on one end, which is gathered up. Black lace is greatly worn, when the weather does not require fur, and the throatlets of tolerably wide, full pleated lace, studded with three clusters of flowers, one at the back and two in front, are in the acme of popularity at present. These throatlets are also made in black tulle, those for mourning having rosettes of the same placed on the folded neckband. The lace ones are composed of two pieces of lace sewn together. In cream lace with flowers they are pretty, and also all in one colored tulle, for evening wear. Most of them are short, but some have long ends falling down in front. Many young girls wear real flowers pinned in, especially violets.

The long, wide Barcelona silk lace ties are much in vogue, and, being as warm as a boa, are worn as wraps for the throat by day, as well as becoming headgear for evening entertainments, on leaving heated rooms. The fine white cambric evening pocket handkerchiefs are for mourning, edged with black, instead of the usual white lace, and look stylish when carried by a well-dressed woman.

A new collarette has appeared that promises to take the fancy of the public. It is made of glace silk pricked out in very deep Vandykes of different sizes, like the petals of a carnation. One frilling of this, eight or ten inches wide, is gathered to a double quilling of the same, which does not meet in front, but is tacked on to the collar of collet, jacket or dress bodice. We may expect to see it worn in quite light colors with garments of a dark or medium tint. The lower frill covers the shoulders.

For wearing with early spring costumes the lingeries are showing sets composed of a turndown collar and pair of gauntlet cuffs in linen embroidered and edged with lace. Linen collars and cuffs of this sort, as well as plain, will be worn very much next season.

The fancy for Vandykes tends to increase as time goes on. Wide circular collars in Vandyked guipure attached to colored velvet or surah necklets are much asked for.

A fashionable dressmaker recently used five yards of satin for the making of one sleeve of a ball gown. We hope this may not only be the record, but the limit of puff possibilities, for pretty as full sleeves are, when so disproportionately large they become fantastic and inelegant; moreover, an additional ten yards of material on the usual allowance is no inconsiderable item in that disagreeable periodical "the dressmaker's bill."

Black skirts are seen with a round waist of black and white striped moire and satin, silver gray satin duchess, and white satin plainly covered with jetted piece lace or net. All of these are trimmed with girdles, bands or draped corsage trimming of jet or a crush collar and belt of black satin or ribbon and merely suspenders of 1¼ inch jet bands.

Bluet crepon will be worn by young ladies for a godet skirt, with waists of blue and beige changeable gros grain, mauve satin and cherry and blue, as well as with a bluet satin one having a cherry-colored velvet collar and belt; or a belt and suspenders of black satin ribbon and collar of the velvet.

The Persian effects in silk waists are acceptable with brown, navy, bluet, black and dark-green skirts. In all of these combinations, two or three colors must perfectly harmonize, or the original French effect is lost and consequently the success.

Tweeds in varied qualities and new color-schemes will occupy a prominent place among spring dress goods.

Medium and light-weight crepons, plain, and with colored stripes and dots, will remain in fashionable favor.

Three-quarter coats worn with godet skirts are made with no trimming whatever, except velvet collar and handsome buttons.

Velvet waists in black, brown, bluet-blue and green in reseda and moss-green shades, will be even more popular the coming spring than they have been this winter, for at that season they can be worn without the cumbersome wrap which crushes the huge sleeves of the bodice and mars the velvet.

Many of the handsome gowns next season will be made of glossy-surfaced cloth with a border on the edge of the skirt and bands on the waist or coat, made of perforated cloth laid over silk of cream-white or of a delicate contrasting color.

Ready-made accordion-pleated skirts and vests of China silk or chiffon are sold to be worn with bolero jackets of velvet, lined with moire or satin brocade the color of the skirt and vest and trimmed with beaded passementerie in Vandyke patterns.

Striped black and white satin and moire for a skirt has a waist of white satin covered with jetted white lace. Crush belt, large puffed elbow sleeves and crush collar of cherry-colored velvet; plastron ornament of jet ending in a deep fall of bead fringe.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF INTERESTING SUBJECTS.

Petits Fours.—In town these can be purchased in great variety, and many confectioners will send parcels of them into the country. But it is very easy to prepare extremely pretty ones at home. For example, blanch and chop six ounces of almonds, with one-fourth pound mixed candied peel, and mix it all thoroughly with four ounces of sugar (one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, if liked), and the whites of four eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Spread this paste on wafers, and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven. Cut it into any shape you like. Again, Genoese pastry cut into lozenges, squares, etc., and iced with differently-colored and flavored icings makes charming little cakes. So also do the different little cakes to be bought at the pastrycook's, if split, spread with jam, pressed together again and iced.

Curacoa Jelly.—Flavor some good lemon jelly with a couple of glasses of Curacoa liqueur (or syrup), and just as it is setting whip it to a froth, press it into a mould, and set it on ice. The bottled lemon jelly sold by leading grocers is very good for the foundation of these jellies, but it is very little trouble to make at home in this way: Peel three or four lemons very thinly, half them, press out, and strain the juice into a saucepan with one-half pound of loaf sugar and the whites and shells of two eggs. Whisk it over the fire with a quart of hot water till it boils, then run it through a jelly bag, previously wrung out of hot water, and when it is cool add the flavoring. It adds greatly to the flavor if the peel of the lemons is laid into the jelly bag before the jelly is run through.

To Fry Oysters.—Use the largest and best oysters; lay them in a row upon a clean cloth and press another upon them, to absorb the moisture, have ready several beaten eggs, and in another dish some finely crushed crackers; in the frying pan heat enough butter to entirely cover the oysters; dip the oysters first into the eggs, then into the crackers, rolling it or them over that they may become well encrusted; drop into the granite frying pan and fry quickly to a light brown. Serve dry and let the dish be warm.

Oyster Pates.—Line small pate pans with puff paste; roll cover somewhat thicker than lining; put in each of the pans a piece of bread to support the cover while baking. Make a white sauce of one tablespoon of butter, two tablespoons flour and one pint of cream. Cut the oysters into small bits and cook them in the sauce over boiling water. Carefully remove the upper crusts; take out the pieces of bread; fill with the hot oysters and serve at once.

Oyster Salad.—Take a half gallon of fresh oysters, the yolks of six hard-boiled eggs, one raw egg well beaten, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a tablespoonful of mustard, with pepper and salt, a teacup of vinegar and four bunches of celery. Drain the liquid from the oysters and put some hot vinegar over them; set on the fire five minutes; let cool; mash the yolks of the eggs and mix all the seasonings together and pour over the oysters and celery.

Orange Flower Water Ice.—Blanch and pound till smooth one-fourth pound of sweet and six bitter almonds; add to them a quarter of a pint of cream, six ounces caster sugar and the yolks of seven eggs. When this is all well mixed put it in the bain marie with a pint of cream; let it thicken, tammy, and when cool add two wineglassfuls of orange flower water, with a few drops of vanilla and freeze. Serve in cups or beakers, with a crystallized orange flower on each.

Fruit Salad.—Boil three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar to a syrup with one and a half pints of water, add a tablespoonful each of noyeau and brandy, stir it well, and mix into it grapes stoned and skinned, bananas peeled and sliced, melon sliced, plums halved and stoned, etc. Mix it all well together, and stand it in a cool place till wanted.

Creme au Pain Bis.—Whip some cream till stiff, and sweeten with sugar that has been crushed with thinly pared lemon rind, flavor with curacoa, and strew into it lightly as much finely grated breadcrumb as it will take up without becoming "stodgy."

Iced Coffee.—Add one pint of cream and half a pint of new milk to a quart of very strong coffee, and sweeten to taste. Freeze till fairly thick.

Iced Tea.—Make the tea as usual, add equal parts of cream and new milk (half a pint of each to a quart of tea), sweeten to taste, and freeze.

Strawberry Water Ice.—Add four tablespoonfuls of strawberry syrup to half a pint of cold water; color with a few drops of carmine, and freeze.

You need not despair! Salvation Oil will heal your burnt arm without a scar. 25 cts.

GROWING OLD.—Age seems to come with slow pace, but it is marked by the furrows of time; as it advances it goes with quickened gait down the hill of life. The Scriptures represent age by the almond-tree, which bears blossoms of the purest white. Dickens says, in one of his characters, who was becoming gray, that it looked if time had lightly sprinkled snow upon him in passing. "I would I were a boy again," the old man sits and sings; but he grows older while he sings. He may reflect on the happy days and scenes of his youth, but they are gone forever, veiled in darkness. Why should we mourn or be sorrowful at old age, when one thinks of the trials and tribulations we have encountered and undergone which are coming to a near end, in the passage through this rough and stormy voyage in which so many fall by the way-side neglected and unpitied? The man whose life is in the right, unstained by vice or wrong doing, will be sustained by an unfaltering trust, and approach the grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams. L. G. W.

THE HUMAN EYE.—The language of the eye is very hard to counterfeit. You can read in the eyes of your companion, while you talk, whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offices of hospitality, if there be no holiday in the eye. How many furtive invitations are avowed by the eye though dissembled by the lips! A man comes away from a company; he has heard no important remark; but, if in any sympathy with the society, he is cognizant of such a stream of life as has been flowing to him through the eye. There are eyes which give no more admission into them than blackberries; others are liquid and deep wells that men might fall into; and others are oppressive and devouring, and take too much notice. There are asking eyes, and asserting eyes, and prowling eyes, and eyes full of faith—some of good and some of sinister omen.

Grains of Gold.

Hell is as near to the palace as heaven is to the death bed.

It is impossible to do anything well without preparation.

The man who is ruled by his feelings cannot travel in a straight line.

The man who runs from trouble will never find time to stop and rest.

The more we help others to bear their burdens the lighter our own will be.

The true way of softening one's troubles is to solace those of others.

Our happiness in this world depends on the affections we are enabled to inspire.

Perhaps perseverance has been the radical principle of every truly great character.

Wealth and want equally harden the heart, as frost and fire are both alike alien to the human flesh.

Sincerity is the first element of all good conversation; all others combined cannot atone for its lack.

The sudden end of a severe run of hard luck will do more to make a man an optimist than will years of luxury.

There is a difference between sitting before the fire and thinking about doing good, and going out in the cold and snow to do it.

Wealth is like a viper, which is harmless if a man knows how to take hold of it; but if he does not, it will twine around his hand and bite him.

All who are exposed to the weather should keep Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup handy.

Femininities.

A North Carolina judge recently granted divorce to a couple, and two weeks thereafter married the divorced wife, who had considerable property.

Emperor William despatched Major von Moltke, his Aide de-Camp, to the Court of the Hague to convey to little Queen Wilhelmina, who was born in 1880, a Christmas present.

"Did you hear that Mrs. Smith is having her picture painted?" "You don't say so! That old thing!" "Yes, indeed—painted in oil." "Well, I never! In oil? If she ever wants to have a good likeness she'll have to be painted in vinegar."

Decollete: "I'll bet," remarked Mr. Jason to his wife, as they sat in the family circle at the play, "I'll bet from the looks of it, that the dress that there woman in the box is wearin' is one of them elegant dresses one-half off we seed advertised yisterday in the papers."

In Eastport, Me., there is a lady 83 years of age, who is a confirmed quiltmaker, hopelessly addicted to the habit. She has completed nine in the past eighteen months, and is at work on the tenth. This is in addition to her housework, visiting the sick and being a good neighbor.

"This is my last birthday," said a handsome girl to her adorer on the 29th of August. "What do you mean?" he exclaimed, clutching at his heart. "You are not going to die, are you?" "Well, I should hope not. I'm twenty-one to-day, and a woman never has a birthday after that, you know."

"How do you do, Mrs. Yerger?" "Pretty well, I thank you, Mr. McGinnis." "Have you been calling, this beautiful afternoon?" "Well, not precisely. I started out to call on my friend, Mrs. Peterby, and I got half-way there before I fortunately remembered that this was her 'at home' day."

Here is a Russian story: A young widow put up a costly monument to her late husband, and inscribed upon it: "My grief is so great that I cannot bear it." A year or so later, however, she married again, and feeling a little awkwardness about the inscription, she solved the difficulty by adding one word to it, "alone."

A piece of evidence in a Quebec breach of promise case was a cuff with an offer of marriage written on it. One night while the defendant was holding the plaintiff's hand and whispering fervid words, he popped the question in manuscript on the smooth linen at her wrist. She was sentimental or shrewd enough to keep that article out of the wash, and now it is of practical value.

Among the advertisements in a German paper appeared the following: "The gentleman who found a purse with money in the Blumenstrasse is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he is recognized." A few days afterwards the reply was inserted: "The recognized gentleman who picked up a purse in the Blumenstrasse requests the loser to call at his house."

A Portland, Me., young lady who suffered with neuralgia of the head was advised to have her hair shaved or cut extremely close, and adopted this desperate measure. The result of the experiment has been that with its renewed growth the hair is appearing perfectly white, though it had been previously very dark, and the wearer is terribly chagrined at the unexpected change. The effect upon the neuralgia was favorable.

"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "I know that I am not as patient as I should be, and I think the same can be said of you." "Yes, certainly," he frankly acknowledged; "I am almost as bad as you are." "I think," went on the lady, "that we ought to cultivate a mutual toleration of each other's faults." And she bent over him and fondly kissed him. "You are not looking well to-night, dear," he said, stroking her hair. "No," she replied, "my feet pain me dreadfully." "That's because you wear shoes two sizes too small for you." Then the trouble began once more.

Masculinities.

The self-made man naturally has a great deal of trouble in tracing his ancestry.

What letter is that which is perilous to young ladies?—The letter O; because it is sure to be in love.

No man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.

It was a maxim of General Jackson's: "Take time to deliberate; but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking."

Texas has a thirty-year grandfather. In that State of flying bullets a man who hopes to live to be a grandfather has to begin life very young.

Dr. W. E. Edmonds, of Gate City, Va., has in his possession two pairs of scissors with which Andrew Johnson worked as a tailor at Greenville, Tenn.

May: "What made you tell that horrid Miss Stumble that she danced like an angel?" "Because I thought they never danced, and neither will she."

"Father," said a newly-married youth, "I've discovered that my wife is a fool." "Say nothing, my son, say nothing about it, and everybody will think you are happily matched."

Two men in Mississippi had a fight in a room. One threw the other out of the window, and, thinking he had killed him, jumped himself. They fell a distance of 30 feet, and neither was hurt.

Mayor Strong, of New York, has been presented with a looking glass, framed in old mahogany, which belonged to Mayor Willard, the first Mayor of New York city, who who was elected in 1665.

Kirk Hackman, of Sturgeon, Me., has nine grown-up sons, who have organized themselves into a base ball club, and will play any other family team in the country for the family circle championship.

Mr. Frank Stouch, of Reading, Pa., although in his 87th year, still teaches dancing, and is said to be as active as a vigorous man of 50. During his long career as a dancing master he has had 23,000 pupils.

"Cancer is contagious," declared Dr. Guelliot, of Rheims, to the Congress of French surgeons held recently at Lyons. "The transmission may be direct from the body, but it is effected more frequently through wearing apparel or table utensils. In two cases it was through a tobacco pipe."

"What's the matter, my dear?" said a kind wife to her husband, who had sat for half-an-hour with his face buried in his hands, and apparently in great tribulation. "Oh, I don't know," he groaned; "I've felt like a fool all day." "Well," said his wife, consolingly, "you look the very picture of what you feel."

When an American meets an acquaintance after dark, no matter what the hour, he says "Good evening," and when they separate he says "Good night." But in Canada one often hears the latter phrase in salutation as well as good-bye. To an American it seems odd, when, on seeing a friend, the latter advances with "Good night, sir. How are you?"

Parnell Fisher is a negro giant of Bridgeville, Del. He is 6 feet 7½ inches in height and, although spare, weighs 280 pounds. He can carry a barrel of flour in each hand, and regards 400 pounds on his shoulder as a light burden. He is married, and his wife, of the same race, is nearly as large and strong as himself.

"My friend, let me give you a word of advice," said the professor to the young teacher, "be kind to the dull boys." "Certainly," was the answer; "but if they won't learn their lessons?" "Be kind to them, pet them, make them your warmest friends." "But——" "No, buts about it. Win their love if you can. Some day, in after years, when you are old and helpless like me, you may need the assistance of a wealthy man." "Of course; but——" "Well, the dull boys are the ones that get rich."

Humorous.

Only a matter of form—Tights-making.

A round of pleasure—A promenade concert.

Mosquitoes are said to be excellent building material for castles in the air.

A concert-singer having murdered a tune subsequently tried the voice, and will now acquaint himself.

Knives are the right kind of smacks to sail down the stream of life with, although making a name is not bad.

Why is a little boy learning the alphabet like a postage stamp? Because he gets stuck on the letters.

"Well, here is your call," said the waiter. "Please don't call it a bell," said the gentleman, unbending. "Why not call it a whole call?"

Old Baldhead says the latest living paradox were not as successful as they might have been, because one of the principals possibly had somersaulting on her mind.

The judge: "I hope I shall not see you here again." Prisoner: "Nor I either, your honor." "But see me?" "Why, you ain't going to resign your position, are you?"

"Have the detectives found out anything about that burglary yet?" demanded. "Yes, they've come to the conclusion that the machine for the office was missed."

Gabbie: "No, my dear doesn't seem to be growing any heavier." Stillman: "Some people would call that a great improvement."

"Grandma," said an intelligent but cunning child, "do you want some candy?" "Yes, dear; I always like some." "Then go to the shop and buy me some, and I will give you a part."

A gift of charitable disposition asked a stingy if she could not assist him in mending his necktie. "Yes, madam," he said, "I have a button, and if you will sew a shirt on it I will be greatly obliged."

"How did Smithers get along out West?" "Oh, very well." "He was a remarkable fellow—as quick as repartee." "Yes, that's how the trouble rix. If he had not been quite so quick at repartee, or a little bit quicker with a gun, he might be living this minute yit."

A lady relates a story of her little boy whom she took last summer for the first time to the seaside. The little fellow was greatly pleased with the sight. One day, when he saw the first ocean steamer approach the coast, he was exclaimed: "Oh! mamma, just come and see. There's a big locomotive taking a bath."

An old bachelor, through no fault of his, was speaking of a little baby and was expected to admire it, of course. "Well, Mr. Hopkins," said the proud young mother, expectantly, "is it not very pretty?" "I—er—that is to say—er—although how one could count a baby be, Mrs. Tompkins, before it begins to look like a human being"

A clerk was discharged, and asked the reason. "You are an awfully slow about everything," said the employer. "Oh, is that the reason?" responded the clerk. "There is one thing I am not slow about." "I should like to hear you name it," answered the employer. "Well," said the clerk, slowly, "nobody can get fired so quick as I can."

A gentleman, wishing some bushes removed from his garden, told his gardener to pull them up by the roots. Some time after he went into the garden, and found the gardener digging trenches around the bushes. "Why, George," he said, "you need not dig around those small bushes in that way. I am sure you are strong enough to pull them up by the roots." "Oh, yes, sir," replied the gardener, "I'm strong enough, but I found dig a little before I can get hold of the roots. If you had told me to pull them up by the branches, I could easily have removed them without digging."

NAMES AND FORTUNE.

GREAT matters often hinge upon the merest trifles. It is no exaggeration to say that plenty of instances have occurred in which a man's fortunes have hung in the balance, and what his name has turned the scale, very often to his lasting disadvantage.

The writer can himself call to mind a case in which two interests were chancerously affected in this way. A gentleman—a friend of his—who was shortly about to send a bride to the altar, learned that a wealthy and eccentric relative had died, bequeathing him a very substantial legacy on the sole condition that he assumed permanently the deceased's family name.

The name itself is of no consequence here sufficient to say that it was hardly one which would suggest itself to a poet's fancy, and that the intended bride preferred rather to remain single than make it hers. Here was a serious and maddening complication. As no compromise could be effected, the unfortunate legatee finally parted himself very bitterly to chose the legacy and the unpleasable name; and, it may be added, has never ceased to regret doing so.

In a general sense, too, it must be admitted that a portion of one's personal dignity is dependent upon the sound of one's name. We are apt, unconsciously, to attach weight or respect to the owner of a magnificent, which lends grandeur or musicality of the tongue; where such euphony is altogether lacking—some of all, when the influences of repellent element occurs—the reverse must inevitably be the case.

Thick skinned persons may easily come to ignore the fact, but there is little doubt that many sensitive ones go in constant dread of hearing their names uttered in public, and are thereby retard d in both social and commercial progress.

And more particularly in love matters does baptismal make itself obvious. Many a man may begin his wooing successfully enough; but alas! how the romantic enthusiasm and the gingle is set up when he is forced to impart to the fair one an unpoetical name, and perhaps learn—

"Oh, how funny! I'm certain I could never marry any man will such a name as that."

Fiction and the drama have undoubtedly done a great deal towards fostering a mature partiality for fine-sounding names and therefore a distaste for the opposite. This, however, only serves to bear out the opinion that a person's name does to a certain extent influence his social career. On the stage, as in every-day life, the hero would find it a perilous task trying to enlist the sympathy and admiration of an audience if he styled himself, say, "Harry Twopence" instead of "Montagu de Vere." It is pretty safe to say that no one will attain success that cares to make the experiment.

All points considered, it must be acknowledged that—Shakespeare notwithstanding—there may be a great deal in a name. We need not go so far as to assert that a man's name inevitably makes or mars him; but certain it is that he may considerably himself favored with possessing a powerful, or even an ordinary one, if only because he possibly escapes a lot of the ridicule and whimpering often experienced by the person who is not so fortunate in that respect.

At any rate, it is a significant fact that if the Bard of Avon could re visit the earth to day he would find more dignity and respect attached to the memory than would probably be the case had his name been "Snaggsby" instead of Shakespeare.

PRIZES ON PATENTS

How to get $100 and Perhaps Make a Fortune.

We secure patents and to induce people to keep track of their bright ideas we offer a prize of one hundred dollars to be paid on the first of every month to the person who submits to us the most meritorious invention during the preceding month. We will also advertise the invention free of charge in the National Recorder, a weekly newspaper, published in Washington, D. C., which has an extensive circulation throughout the United States and is devoted to the interests of inventors.

NOT SO HARD AS IT SEEMS.

The idea of being able to invent something strikes most people as being very difficult; this delusion the Company wishes to dispel. It is the simple things and small inventions that make the greatest amount of money, and the complex ones are seldom profitable. Almost everybody, at some time or another, conceives an idea, which, if patented, would probably be worth to him a fortune. Unfortunately such ideas are usually dismissed without thought. The simple inventions like the cat window which could be easily slid up and down without breaking the passenger's back, the sauce pan, the collar button, the nut lock the bottle stopper, the snow shovel, are things that almost everyone sees some way of improving upon, and it is these kind of inventions that bring the greatest returns to the author.

The prize we offer will be paid at the end of each month, whether the application has been acted upon by the Patent Office or not. Every competitor must apply for a patent on his invention through us, and whether he secures the prize or not, the inventor will have a valuable patent.

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, Gen'l Manager,
615 F St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

P. S. The responsibility of this company may be judged from the fact that its stock is held by about seventeen hundred of the leading newspapers of the United States.

THE BLIND MAY SEE.

I WILL GIVE $50 TO ANY ONE

Spent $1400 in Cincinnati.

BLIND S. CYCLOPS ET ES.

NARCISSA WATERMAN, Eye Doctress,
Box 1023, Georgetown, Ohio.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

BOOKKEEPING SIMPLIFIED. ADDENDA. Making or "posting" prices $1.00. Send for Circular. J. S. ZEAGLER, Publisher, 23 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FIN DE SIECLE GIRLS.

MOTHERS are, of course, always at least twenty-five years behind the age," remarked a girl the other day, as a sufficient reason why she should disregard the wishes of her own mother; and, if not expressed quite so openly, this is the idea nowadays. They—the daughters—are "the age." Father and Mother, and all that they hold sacred, are ancient history—but scarcely history ancient enough to be interesting yet. Throughout all the stages of society, from the lowest up to the highest, there is a breaking away from restraint—a more or less general lawlessness which is shown differently in the different classes. And this relaxation is no doubt leading to an equally general deterioration in the accepted standard of good manners, and, it may be feared, of morality. It would be ridiculous to expect a very fine sense of modesty or refinement of mind in a skirt dancer, be she the professional of the music-hall, or the smart daughter of a duchess.

A young girl, accustomed to the free conversation, and still freer manners and customs, at some country houses; to meet and acknowledge as friends, men and women who scarcely trouble themselves to conceal the scandalous relations subsisting between them, cannot preserve, even if she starts with, a very high ideal of morality, and is more likely to be carried away with the stream than to make any attempt to stem it. If all these indictments be true of the "fin de siecle girl"—and, if true, none can blind themselves to the evils to which they must give rise now and in the future—what, if any, is the remedy?

No other law than that of public opinion can be brought to bear on this evil. No other is so strong, so far reaching, so all-powerful as this, and the framing of the laws of public opinion lies with the men and women—but mainly the women—who not only set the example of a high ideal life themselves, but have the courage to choose their friends and acquaintances from those of the same tastes as themselves. Less than a century ago public opinion allowed gentlemen to get drunk at a dinner or a ball. Public opinion to-day does not even allow a respectable mechanic to get drunk without loss of character.

Not many years ago public opinion allowed country parsons to read the service in church with a surplice over their hunting dress, ready to follow the hounds the moment the last word of the Blessing left their lips. Now public opinion does not allow of the clergy hunting at all. In the beginning of this century public opinion was not greatly outraged at the forcible abduction of a girl, unless she happened to be a "ward in Chancery." To-day public opinion does not permit a runaway or unwilling wife to be forced to return to her husband.

There are hundreds of good women, even in the comparatively limited area of the inner circle of society. Let these combine, let them strengthen each other's hands by union, and let them, without arrogating to themselves any special superiority, just set their faces against the entertainments they deplore, discountenance skirt dancing among their own friends and acquaintances, avoid country houses where the manners and customs of a tea garden prevail, drop the society of those who think it funny to imitate the ways of costermongers, keep their daughters from associating with known bad characters, however "smart" they may be, and they will quickly find imitators in the outer circles, which touch them on all sides. Noblesse oblige; let them never forget that. If they are set in high places, it is for them to set a high example. They can, if they will, set the tide turning in the right direction, but they must combine if they would do any good.

The college and high-school girl is more difficult to reach. She is a little light-headed just now, and astonished because she has proved conclusively that her brain can take in the same subjects as her brothers, and with the same success—a fact which no one with any knowledge of the sex ever doubted. The burning question is not whether she can take honors in a university examination, but what use she will make of her learning when acquired. She is like the hen in the American version of Æsop Fables, who disturbed the neighbors by clucking aloud, "not because she had laid an egg—other birds do that without making any noise about it—but because she was a barndoor fowl and knew no better." A for the latchkey, the wild oats, and the societies which appear to aim at the extinction of man, they can but last one generation, and this form of "fin de siecle girl" will extinguish herself or be extinguished by the laws of natural selection and survival of the fittest.

SETTLING A BRAGGART.—A big Frenchman was talking in loud and blustering tones about his many achievements in duelling as he traveled the other day, in company with several passengers, in the smoking-car of one of the railway trains. In the corner opposite to him sat a small man quietly reading a magazine, and to him he leaned over and arrogantly said—

"Monsieur, what would you do if you were challenged?"

"I should refuse," was the unhesitating reply.

"Ah! ah! I thought as much. Refuse and be branded a coward! But if a gentleman offered you the choice of a duel or a public whipping; then what?"

"I'd take the whipping."

"Ah! ah! I thought so. I thought so from your looks. Suppose, monsieur, you had foully slandered me?"

"I never slander."

"Then, monsieur, suppose I had coolly and deliberately insulted you; what would you do?"

"I'd rise up like this, put down my book this way, reach over like this, and take him by the nose and give it a proper sort of twist—just so!"

When the little man relinquished his grip of the big man's nasal organ, his neighbor slid away in abject terror, to escape the bullets which would surely be flying at once; but there was no shooting. The big man turned crimson—then white—then looked the little man over and remarked—

"Ah—certainly—of course—that's it—exactly!"

And then the conversation took a turn on the prospects of the war between China and Japan.

GARDENERS are almost more daring than cooks in handling long words. This comes, no doubt, of their dangerous familiarity with the Latin names of plants. Not long ago in a malaprop competition there appeared the following excellent specimen, racy of kitchen garden soil. "I'll prolligate a dozen or two more plants, and then I'll libel them!"

BASHFUL Suitor: "What would you consider an engaging conversation?" Quick-witted maiden: "Well, if you said to me, 'Be mine,' and I replied, 'Why, certainly.'"

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinders.

On and after November 18, 1894.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express (Parlor and Dining Car), daily, 9.00 a m, via L. V. R. R.
Buffalo and Chicago Express (Through Sleeping Cars), daily, 6.45 p m, 9.45 p m, via L. V. R. R.
Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.
Lock Haven, Clearfield and Du Bois Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.50, 11.35 a m, (12.27, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.25, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.50 a m, 12.35, 3.50 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 4.05, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 4.30, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 4.06, 8.50, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.08 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.40 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin Express, week-days, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves; Week-days—Express 9.00 a m., 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m. 4.30 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 3902 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

A. SWEIGARD, Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

IF YOU WANT INFORMATION ABOUT

PENSIONS

Address a letter or postal card to
THE PENN CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, - - Managing Attorney,
P. O. Box 463. WASHINGTON, D. C.

PENSIONS PROCURED FOR

SOLDIERS, WIDOWS, CHILDREN, PARENTS.

Also, for Soldiers and Sailors disabled in the line of duty in the regular Army or Navy since the war. Survivors of the Indian wars of 1832 to 1842, and their widows, now entitled. Old and rejected claims a specialty. Thousands entitled to higher rates. Send for new laws. No charge for advice. No fee until successful.

MAGIC LANTERNS

AND VIEWS.

For Public Lectures, School, Church or Home.

WORLD'S FAIR

and other interesting subjects. Send 3c. stamp for Catalogue.

J. W. MARCY SCIOPTICON CO.,
1008 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa

• FAT PEOPLE •

Park Obesity Pills reduce your weight 15 lbs a month. NO STARTING wrinkles or injury. NO EXPERIMENT positive relief. Price $2.00 by mail prepaid, particulars (sealed) 2c.
PARK REMEDY CO., Boston, Mass.

WORK FOR ALL. $75 a month salary and expenses paid. If you want employment write at once to P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

Dobbins' Electric Soap is cheaper for you to use, if you follow directions, than any other Soap would be, if given to you; for by its use CLOTHES ARE SAVED. Clothes cost more than soap. This soap cost in 1869 twenty cents a bar. Now it costs nine. It contains precisely the same ingredients, and no others, now as then, and costs less than half. Buy it of your grocer, use it and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he knows that he can buy it of his wholesale grocer. The genuine always has our name on the wrapper. Look out for imitations. There are many of them.

PRESERVATION of clothes by the use of Dobbins' Electric Soap, is an established FACT of a generation. It is not an experiment or a wild assertion, but absolutely TRUE. Think carefully whether you prefer to save a cent or two on soap, or dollars on clothes. You can't do both. Buy Dobbins' Electric and look on every wrapper for the name of

DOBBINS SOAP M'F'G CO.,
Successors to I. L. Cragin & Co.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DOLLARD & CO.,

TOUPEE WIG

1223
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia,
Premier Artistes
IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.	FOR WIGS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck. No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

"He had small skill o' horse flesh who bought a goose to ride on". Don't take ordinary soaps for house cleaning.

THE PROPER THING

is SAPOLIO

=Try a cake of it, and be convinced.=

COMMON SOAP *fails to accomplish satisfactory results in scouring and cleaning, and necessitates a great outlay of time and labor, which more than balances any saving in cost. Practical people will find SAPOLIO the best and cheapest soap for house-cleaning and scouring.*